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WITH THE PRESENT ISSUE of *The Nation* the editorial control and management are vested in a board of four editors—Ernest Gruening, Henry Hazlitt, Freda Kirchwey, and Joseph Wood Krutch. Oswald Garrison Villard remains as publisher and contributing editor. His pen will not be less devoted to the service of *The Nation,* with which he has now been associated for thirty-five years. The spirit and purpose of *The Nation* will remain unaltered.

TO *HARPER'S MAGAZINE* our compliments. It has "scooped" the daily press with an article by John T. Flynn entitled "Inside the R. F. C.," and has set forth such startling facts that the article has already been read into the *Congressional Record.* We urge everyone to read this amazing chapter in our national rake's progress, which makes the waste of money by the Federal Farm Board seem like kindergarten stuff. As for Mr. Hoover, what reputation for strict veracity he may have left suffers greatly. The statements from Mr. Hoover listed by Mr. Flynn, together with what actually took place, would have branded anyone else as guilty of mendacity, but of course it would be unpatriotic to insinuate such a thing in regard to our Chief Executive. Still, when he stated in April last that the $125,000,000 lent to banks at that time had gone to banks and trust companies in forty-five States, and failed to add that half the money had been lent to "just three big banks," he was certainly conveying a deliberately false impression. And this is only one part of the picture. Charlie Dawes, it seems, was offered $90,000,000, only $5,000,000 less than his bank's *total deposits.* Atlee Pomerene, the Democrat who succeeded Charles Dawes as head of the R. F. C., gave $12,272,000 to the Cleveland bank of which he is a director, while the Detroit bank of which Roy D. Chapin, now Secretary of Commerce, was a director got $12,983,000. The Globe and Rutgers Fire Insurance Company, whose president, E. C. Jameson, gave Bishop Cannon $68,000 in 1928 to carry Virginia for Hoover, was well recompensed by a $2,000,000 loan. And yet there are people who get excited over Tammany graft! Out of $264,000,000 lent to the railroads by the R. F. C., no less than $156,000,000 went to those belonging to three groups—the Morgan, Van Sweringen, and Pennsylvania groups. It all cries to high heaven for scourging.

WET LEADERS in the Senate now promise to give us legal beer before March 4. The Collier bill, these leaders say, will be accepted by the Senate substantially in the form in which it passed the House. There will be no riders attached to make the measure more acceptable to President Hoover. It was at first reported that the bill would be amended to provide for a general sales tax in addition to a tax on beer, the wet strategists believing that Mr. Hoover would swallow the legalization of beer if that was necessary to get his sales tax through Congress. More objective observers are less hopeful of a beer victory in the Senate. They seem to be on fairly firm ground in declaring that relatively fewer drys in the Senate have been won over to the anti-prohibition cause than in the House. A number of Senators have said that they will support the beer bill only after Congress has adopted a repeal resolution. Since the outlook for repeal at this session of Congress is not particularly bright it would appear that legal beer may be defeated in the Senate. Incidentally, we are curious to know by what manner of reasoning the House came to the conclusion that the 3.2 per cent beer permitted under the Collier bill should be excluded from sale in States which still have prohibition laws. This seems to us a tacit admission that beer of this alcoholic content is in fact intoxicating and that therefore the Collier bill must be unconstitutional. Because of the haste with which it is trying to solve the liquor problem Congress is bound to make mistakes of this kind. The wets should remember that the prohibitionists are ready to take advantage of any political or legal error, however slight, that they may make in their efforts to abolish the Eighteenth Amendment.

THE SENATE AND HOUSE conferees have agreed on an improved Philippine independence bill, but one which is still far from what it ought to be. The probation period before independence was fixed at ten years instead of the twelve voted by the Senate and the eight by the House. This period does not, however, satisfy the agricultural members of Congress who have been so eager for Philippine

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independence because of their fear of Philippine competition. The bill now provides before independence a five-year period of preparation and then a second five-year period, to be marked by tariff "step-ups" and export taxes which, it is explained, would make it possible for the Filipinos to obtain the money to pay off the bonds held by America. Imports of sugar into this country were raised in conference from 615,000 to 850,000 tons a year, while instead of 150,000 tons of cocoanut oil, 200,000 may come in until the Islands are free. Instead of complete exclusion of Filipinos from the United States, there is to be an annual quota of fifty—how very generous! Immigration into Hawaii is to be regulated by the Department of the Interior "on the basis of the industrial needs of that territory." The proposed plebiscite on the question of independence at the end of ten years was stricken out. The worst feature of all, that the United States shall continue to own in perpetuity all naval and military stations now held by it, remains in the bill. So, too, does the instruction to the government to negotiate for the neutralization of the Islands. In other words, we are to demand their neutralization while reserving to ourselves the right to maintain army and navy garrisons in the Islands! As we write, the indications are that President Hoover may yet veto the bill.

PRESIDENT BUTLER of Columbia University in his annual report made a caustic reference to the failure of the big foundations to underwrite projects designed to mitigate the world's economic difficulties, and lamented the fact that most of the great funds which have been left "for the service of the public" are being dissipated over many fields instead of being "concentrated in large amounts on one, two, or three of the commanding problems" of the day. The next day, as if in statistical support of Dr. Butler's protest, the Twentieth Century Fund's study of the flow of foundation grants was published, showing that only 1.5 per cent of the $54,600,000 given away in 1931 went into the field of economics—either for research or for economic action. As the Fund's director pointed out, "it might be expected, at a time when the capitalist world is facing the most dangerous economic crisis in all history, that organized philanthropy would make a special effort to help explore or eradicate the causes of these social difficulties, as philanthropy already has attacked and helped mitigate the causes of hookworm disease and yellow fever." The explanation of this amazing neglect of the whole field of our economic life is probably to be found in the average foundation's fear of controversy. Set up by millionaires to expend fortunes amassed in great industries, the foundations have been looked upon with some suspicion, and the closer they have ventured to fields in which social and economic interests are involved the more doubts they have created. The time has come, however, when the finest service they could perform and the greatest step they could take to win public confidence would be to devote some of their millions to the study of the almost fatal defects in the economic system which, in its more robust youth, made these great foundations possible.

SAMUEL SEABURY, in another report to the Hofstadter Legislative Committee, which has been investigating conditions in New York City, has struck another tremendous blow at Tammany Hall. Rarely have we seen a more effective indictment both as to its contents and the admirable and remarkably convincing style in which it is phrased. Primarily it is a detailed review and analysis of the testimony in regard to former Mayor Walker, including his financial relations with Betty Compton. Miss Compton, as everybody long ago knew, was the "unnamed person" of the inquiry who was not namable until she voyaged abroad with the ex-Mayor. As for the ex-Mayor, Mr. Seabury correctly declares that his "so-called defense constituted a record of equivocation, evasion, and contradiction, based on contentions not susceptible of either verification or disproof by either oral or written testimony. The Mayor demonstrated himself to be unworthy of belief where his official conduct was called in question." Mr. Seabury with great courage also attacked the local political leaders, declaring that the welcome extended to Walker on his return from Europe was in his judgment "a disgusting spectacle" revealing "a sort of moral treason to the city." This is most refreshing language, and it is, of course, absolutely unanswerable. It appeared just when the leader of Tammany Hall, John F. Curry, and others of his stamp in the party were reaching out to take over the Democratic State organization. Finally, Mr. Seabury demanded the removal of the Borough President of the Bronx, Henry Bruckner, his Commissioner of Public Works, William J. Flynn, and also the Commissioner of Weights and Measures, whom Mr. Seabury found wanting in "the little mental ability" required by his job. This puts Mayor McKee into a pleasant hole, and it is safe to say that this "reformer" will do precisely nothing.

GOVERNOR MOORE of New Jersey is entitled to the hearty thanks of everyone who believes in justice and decency in the treatment of offenders against society for refusing to send Robert Elliott Burns back to a Georgia chain gang. From this hell Burns escaped twice, after having been sentenced to serve from six to ten years for the theft of $4.80! He has since shown his desire to go straight and has lived up to his intention. To have sent him back after the publicity his case has received would have been to send him to certain torture if not death—probably the latter. Of course the Governor of Georgia pretended to be outraged by what his Prison Commission terms Governor Moore's "violation of the Constitution of the United States." He conveniently forgot his own refusal to permit New York to extradite a released convict desired for trial in a perjury case, and he even dragged in the case of the Lindbergh baby in order to vent his spleen upon Governor Moore. He also forgot that Governors Franklin D. Roosevelt and Alfred E. Smith of New York, Allen of Kansas, and Groesbeck of Michigan have similarly refused to return men to Georgia. We are glad to note that former Congressman W. D. Upshaw of Georgia has heartily commended Governor Moore for his action. Indeed, no man ought to be delivered to Georgia as long as it persists in its inhuman and barbarous chain-gang system. The Georgia Prison Commission defends that system. We reply that it belongs to the Middle Ages. If only Governor Russell and his commissioners might visit the prisons of Germany and Russia they could see for themselves how many decades, not to say centuries, behind modern methods is their treatment of prisoners. But men of this type refuse to open their minds to new ideas and believe in dealing with prisoners with sadistic ferocity.

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CHANCELLOR VON SCHLEICHER continues to win public approval for himself in Germany by wise measures doing away with the restrictions imposed by his predecessor, Von Papen, upon the liberties of the press and of individuals. He has abolished the summary courts set up to try political offenders when the fighting between the Communists and the Hitlerites was at its height, and he has released several thousand political prisoners. Among those freed, we are glad to report, is Carl Ossietzky, the editor of the *Weltbühne,* whose severe sentence was imposed upon him because he allowed a contributor to tell the truth about the Reichswehr's relations with the Russian army authorities in aviation matters. General von Schleicher has also rescinded the Von Papen decree which gave the government the right to alter at will the social-insurance laws which mean so much to multitudes. Naturally these measures have gratified the labor unions, while the whole nation is relieved at the Chancellor's announcement that there is to be no tinkering with the constitution. Finally, Von Schleicher has done away with the death penalty for political homicides. It is interesting to note that since this military Chancellor has taken office talk of a growing monarchist movement has subsided. His policy is the wiser because all Germany so ardently craves domestic peace and quiet. Incidentally, the latest reports show a distinctly better feeling in business circles. If there are still nearly six million unemployed, there is growing confidence that the worst period of collapse and misery has passed and that Germany will now begin to show signs of industrial recovery.

THERE IS MORE THUNDER than lightning in Kenzo Adachi's announcement that he has at last succeeded in forming a fascist political party in Japan. It is a relatively simple matter to organize a new party in that country. Since the first political parties — the Jiyuto, Kaishinto, and Teiseito—were formed about fifty years ago, many such organizations have come and gone. Of the two major parties which are active at present, one, the Minseito, was founded as recently as June 1, 1927. The other, the Seiyukai, is thirty-two years old, but even this party has undergone many changes in policy and purpose, the name being retained almost entirely for the sake of convenience. Secondly, Kenzo Adachi, who is a political opportunist, is merely riding the crest of the fascist wave which is now at full tide in Japan. Finally, Adachi proposes to abolish the Cabinet, and presumably also the Diet, substituting for them a "state council of national affairs." This council would be responsible only to the throne. He would also nationalize a few industries. The Privy Council, the Imperial Household, and the Supreme Command (composed of the army and navy chieftains) today constitute the real government of Japan. While the Cabinet does enjoy a small measure of power, its elimination would hardly be noticed so far as the actual business of governing the country is concerned. The political reforms advocated by Adachi would mean little more than a change of personnel in the seats of power. His projected economic reforms fall far short of meeting the fundamental economic problems of the country. Many members of the Seiyukai Party, and even a few in the more democratic Minseito, have publicly advocated reforms which, when compared with Adachi's program, are really revolutionary in scope.

THE DREADFUL PICTURE of life in a starved Austrian village which we print elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation* unfortunately has its counterpart all over Europe. Conditions in Poland are also unbelievably bad. This we have on the authority of the former Prime Minister of Poland, Witos, whose statement has recently been published in a Warsaw newspaper. He declares that the Polish village now resembles only a cemetery where one sees silent, grim, odd-looking figures going about "like shadows of the dead." The peasants are without shoes or underwear, and are literally in rags. Undernourishment in the villages gets worse from day to day; there is hardly any salt to be had; and a match is a precious thing—the people have gone back to making fire with flint. At night the villages are entirely in darkness. Sickness is increasing rapidly, especially tuberculosis. Witos declares that the peasants have ceased to read, that there is no book to be seen anywhere, that a newspaper is a rarity in villages whose inhabitants used to subscribe to between ten and twenty different papers. The schools are being deserted, and many villagers live entirely by theft and open robbery because there is nothing else that they can do. The price of land is one-fourth of what it was and everybody wishes to sell. German newspapers confirm this picture as not in the least overdrawn, and declare that the situation is even worse in the Polish Ukraine and in Polish White Russia. The horrible thing about it is that there is not the slightest prospect of any early improvement, and no one to give aid. How long can humanity endure under these conditions?

> We shall have to hurt their feelings and wound their susceptibilities, and in some cases violate their most cherished sacred traditions, but we must face these difficulties unless we are to allow to lie undeveloped wealth that may provide prosperity for the country, in which every community can share.

THESE ARE THE WORDS of the chief commissioner for native affairs in Kenya, East Africa—a new version of Lewis Carroll's "I weep for you, I deeply sympathize," which the Walrus spoke with streaming eyes. The commissioner, of course, goes one step further: "It will be to the discredit of the country if a single native is a penny worse off for the discovery of gold in his own country." Gold—that is what it is all about. This precious metal having been discovered in the Kakamega region of Lake Victoria, which has belonged for all time to the natives, the Kenya Legislature, conscious of the responsibilities involved in the white man's burden, passed a law permitting the expulsion of the natives from gold-bearing lands when given other lands and "compensated as white men should be." Not that they are to have any share in the gold that is dug out of their land. Heavens, no! What would poor, ignorant, uncivilized savages want with it? It is reserved exclusively for the benefit of the superior race. Meanwhile, according to the dispatches, "clashes between the gold prospectors and the natives are increasing with the arrival of shiploads of white immigrants from South Africa." What a beautiful picture, what a perfect picture of the processes of civilization! What are "most cherished sacred traditions" and native "susceptibilities" worth when they stand in the way of a white man who wants to get rich quick? The answer is before us once more, in Kenya.

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The Loss of Owen D. Young

OWEN D. YOUNG has dealt himself and his reputation a serious blow indeed by his testimony in the suit brought against the General Electric Company to compel it to return the collateral given to it by Samuel Insull to cover a loan of $2,000,000 made to him when no bank in Chicago or New York would grant him an additional dollar. It is not only that, as we pointed out last week, Mr. Young made this loan of his stockholders' money to Mr. Insull after he was deeply in the latter's debt through the receipt of a $175,000 interest in Insull Utility Investments at an insider's price far below that at which the public could buy. He himself admitted that he never inquired into the exact financial condition of either the Insull Company or Mr. Insull himself. It was sufficient for Mr. Young that "one of our best customers" wanted the loan. Indeed, Mr. Young admitted that he was in terror of Mr. Insull. Not only was he afraid that the General Electric Company would lose Insull's business if he failed to oblige him; he admitted that he did not dare to ask Insull what he wanted the money for; that while he held his stock in Insull Investments he did not dare to sell it for a profit or a loss lest he incur "Mr. Insull's displeasure"! If this is evidence that Mr. Young was a free agent and duly vigilant in protecting the interests of his stockholders, we do not understand the meaning of words.

More than that, Mr. Young approved the set-up of Insull Utility Investments when it was submitted to him by Mr. Insull in advance of its organization, and he still defends it. The trouble, it appears, was not with the set-up—even with its heavy load of $60,000,000 of debenture bonds—if the maturities were far enough off and the operating companies provided enough interest to keep this capstone of the Insull pyramid going. A big if! As it was, the market was so unkind as to shrink after the break of October, 1929, and the Insull assets began to shrink as well. As Mr. Young put it, "at that period, as you know, everybody from the President of the United States down thought the crisis would soon be over." But the crisis refused to budge in the face of orders from King Canute Hoover and King Canute Insull, and all the rest of the King Canutes of our industrial autocracy. None the less, Mr. Young never dreamed of asking Mr. Insull how things were going when, *twenty-six months* later, he gave him the $2,000,000 loan. Mr. Young plainly lived in a different world. He did not know that things were tumbling. He had not heard that the Chase National Bank had refused to give Insull a $6,000,000 loan. When asked if he did not know that Mr. Insull was "financially irresponsible when he offered you his personal indorsement on the notes for $2,000,000," Mr. Young replied that he "relied" on the collateral Mr. Insull offered and that he was not aware that Mr. Insull was "broke." Anyhow he left such details to Mr. Swope, the president of the General Electric.

But this is even less striking than a carefully prepared statement which Mr. Young presented to the reporters as he left the witness stand after his first examination. In this document, after explaining how it was that the Insull-Young set-up of Insull Utility Investments collapsed, he summarized his view of Samuel Insull thus: "The most you can say about that old man is that he had too much confidence in this country and his own companies." *"The most you can say"!* Why, at the moment Mr. Young handed out those words Mr. Insull was a fugitive from justice in Greece, refusing to return, as any guiltless man would, to prove his innocence in court. When he wrote that kindly sentiment Mr. Young was perfectly aware that "that old man" was under indictment for embezzlement; that Insull had taken sound investments which secured the debenture bonds of Insull Utility Investments and pledged them to the banks for loans of $45,000,000. It seems to us that there is a good deal more to say about "that old man" than what Mr. Young volunteered.

Now we are well aware that the practices which we have here set forth are common in the management of big business in the United States. It has been an everyday affair for our supermen to hold each other up and to blackjack one another. Perhaps to a large majority of the men in Wall Street Mr. Young's act will seem justified by the established practice. They will declare that it was up to Mr. Young to save his largest customer, that it was just too bad that the customer failed. They are doubtless asserting that if all had gone well and Insull had come out on top, Mr. Young would have been complimented for being smart enough to turn the General Electric Company into a banking firm, thus rescuing his largest customer and tying him to the company more closely than ever. They surely feel that it was extremely hard luck that Owen Young gambled and gambled wrong. But when we admit that this is common practice in Wall Street we merely explain why it is that we are shocked by Mr. Young's admissions—admissions made without the slightest apparent contrition or regret.

For we had thought of Mr. Young as being above this sort of thing—until the revelations of the last few years, including his connection with the management of the Radio Corporation and the recent voluntary dissolution of that combination, which the government was prosecuting for violation of the anti-trust law. We had long supposed that Mr. Young was cast in a different mold from the ordinary conscienceless Wall Street promoter and big-business manager. He has given many evidences of great public spirit; his name was attached to the plan which many people thought was the final and definitive settlement of the reparations difficulty. He has been mentioned for the Presidency of the United States, for Secretary of State; he has been a patron of letters and of universities. Now we find that when it came to a crisis he again did not stand up to the trust imposed upon him; he gambled to help out a man to whom he was under a deep personal obligation that had nothing whatever to do with the Owen D. Young who is Chairman of the Board of the General Electric Company.

Yet we shall continue to hear of the inability of our business leaders to understand the growing antagonism to them and to their system. We have headed this article The Loss of Owen D. Young, because we cannot conceive that, after these recent episodes in his career, he will be considered available for further public service.

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Munitions and Peace

THE Associated Press has reported that Mr. Hoover is planning to ask Congress for authority to "declare embargoes on shipments of arms to countries in which hostilities exist or are threatened." The President's message, it was indicated, will refer especially to the war in the Gran Chaco between Bolivia and Paraguay as the occasion for making this request. However, it was understood that Mr. Hoover would seek authority broad enough to cover actual or threatened hostilities in all countries. Thus it could be applied to the Japanese invasion of Manchuria as well as to civil and international warfare in Central or South America. An executive order of a similar nature issued by Calvin Coolidge a number of years ago, which has been both used and abused by the State Department, was designed simply to apply to revolutionary activities in Latin America and China. The Manchurian story might have been different if Mr. Hoover had had the authority now proposed and had exercised it in the latter part of 1931 when the Japanese began their conquest of the Three Eastern Provinces. At least Secretary Stimson's efforts to reestablish peace in the Far East would have been immeasurably reinforced. It is true that Japan could have continued to receive munitions and other war materials from Europe, but the independent action of the United States would have had its influence on public opinion everywhere, and there would thus have been some hope of persuading France and England to follow the American lead.

A year ago the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom endeavored to induce Congress to adopt a resolution prohibiting the exportation of munitions to countries at war. Hearings on the resolution were blocked through the influence of the State Department, and the matter was dropped by Congress, but not by the Women's International League. It was privately explained by Administration officials that France and England were unwilling to cooperate with the United States in declaring a munitions boycott, and other reasons were advanced to justify the State Department's position. Since then all these objections have been swept aside, and both the State Department and Mr. Hoover apparently have been converted to the belief that an arms embargo is a necessary instrument of peace. Doubtless the Hoover Administration was impressed by the paradoxical position in which it found itself in relation to the war in the Gran Chaco. For months Washington has been making every effort to end the hostilities between Bolivia and Paraguay. At the same time American firms have been shipping large quantities of munitions to the belligerents. Could anything be more absurd? If the State Department is at all sincere in wanting to stop the war, it will also try to stop the munitions shipments which are helping to make that war possible.

We hope that nothing will prevent Mr. Hoover from taking the action forecast in the press. The authorization sought is essential as a first step toward governmental control of the traffic in arms. It would go far by itself toward strengthening our peace policy. In this connection it must be remembered, however, that an arms embargo would inevitably encounter several difficulties. Only the other day it was revealed in the Argentine Congress that Argentina had in 1923 and again in 1926 negotiated secret loans amounting to $40,000,000 for the purchase of armaments in this country. Furthermore, great secrecy surrounds all shipments of munitions from the United States. It is virtually impossible to obtain accurate or adequate statistics from either official or private sources concerning such transactions. Any order laying down an embargo on arms would have to take these factors into consideration. It would have to be so devised as to prevent the bootlegging of arms or the exportation of munitions disguised as fertilizers or machinery parts. We could prepare in advance to meet these problems by joining with other Powers in a treaty to regulate the international traffic in arms, and by nationalizing our own munition industry. The peace societies have for years been urging that every country "take over as a state monopoly the manufacture and control of arms and munitions as a step to complete and final international disarmament." That is the goal toward which we must work if we would abolish one of the most active incentives to war. It is idle to talk of peace and peace machinery so long as private armament manufacturers are in a position to make huge profits out of war. But in the meantime it is imperative that Congress take whatever action may be necessary to prohibit the exportation of the materials of war to countries engaging or threatening to engage in hostilities.

Company Manners

UNDER the imprint of the International Bureau of Education at Geneva there comes to hand a 250-page report on "Children's Books and International Goodwill," financed by Americans and based upon a five-year inquiry in more than forty countries among librarians, parents, teachers, children, and societies for child welfare. Such a mountain of tabulation might have given birth to a really important inventory of world literature for children if, like so many gestures toward peace from Geneva, it had not been evasive. Tendential literature is omitted; children are to know each other, but only in the atmosphere of international company manners, like diplomats on the eve of war. Granting all that can be said in its favor, this list is idyllic and nationalist, and therefore ineffective.

As long ago as 1846 it was written of the industrial age:

> Instead of old wants, satisfied by the products of native industry, new wants appear, wants which can only be satisfied by the products of distant lands and unfamiliar climes. The old local and national self-sufficiency and isolation are replaced by a system of universal intercourse and all-round interdependence of nations. We see this in intellectual production, no less than in material. The intellectual products of each nation are now the products of all. National exclusiveness and particularism are fast becoming impossible. Out of the national and local literatures, a world literature arises.

Pinocchio, Robinson Crusoe, Ulysses have powers of survival through wars, and perhaps through revolutions, too. The Geneva report grants them honorable place. What we object to on behalf of children everywhere is the preservation in this report of the notion that nice lists of books can help

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to re-create a comfortable bourgeois world or do more than obscure the future. "Around the world in children's books" was the slogan for Children's Book Week in 1931, and an admirable battle cry it was in a year when publishers were overstocked with both quaint and good-enough stories about every quarter of the globe. Single-handed, more than one juvenile editor had unearthed large portions of the bibliography published in Geneva. But now that the whole field for exploitation is made visible, and a rich field it is, something quite different seems important. Let all these books be translated into Dutch and Japanese, into Latvian, Italian, and English, and still there is no hard core to the list, no source of international good-will. "Heidi" prevents no wars; the folk-tales are told to children who do not get the gist of their own times—that an industrial society crunches the bones of the gentle heroes of hills and valleys; that wise men are silenced by the roar of the radio; and cash money, not seven-league boots, avails for world tours.

"What books give a true picture of child life in your country, and which are most popular with children?" The answers to these questions have been tabulated and set down in Geneva, but they are relatively unimportant. It would be more interesting to know what classes of children are literate, what they read at school, what books cost, how many children have access to libraries, what subjects are taboo in children's books.

Librarians will find this list good reading though not definitive even within its academic range. They will miss "Seven Brothers" from the Finnish list and be amused at the French inclusion of "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard." One looks in vain for the little picture book of "Graphic Statistics," by the head of the People's Museum in Vienna, used in the Austrian schools, and easily one of the most important books to include in any really international list because it makes social statistics interesting and dynamic. Why Ilin's book for Russian children on the Five-Year Plan was omitted (especially since it is available in English), though his excellent books on time and the alphabet are included, is not clear. Why Paul Bunyan was left off the United States list and Katharine Adams's sentimental tale of some children who visited their grandmother in a Swedish castle put on will puzzle many readers. What "The Runaway Sardine" or two books by and about Roosevelt will do to cement international good-will is hard to see. We even wonder whether the Petershams' beautifully printed picture book "The Christ Child" is cement for a crumbling world. An international world has to be built from the ground up. There is no peace by any other road; and celebration of the meekness, the mildness, of old ideals of peace is deception of the young.

Faster, faster must the young learn, not so much to glimpse in print the sunrise on Mt. Blanc and the works of the Hida craftsman, but to look at the architecture of their own towns, to see realistically the squalor around them, to perceive the misery of the farmers as well as the beauty of the fields. Young people need more than mere pacifism; they need all the help that we can give them to perceive the nature of the struggle which must be fought before gas masks are put aside in Manchuria and actual plans for peace, in place of resolutions on chemical warfare and shrewd bargains in arms quotas, emanate from the conference rooms of Geneva.

The Debt Impasse

THE deadlock to which President Hoover and Governor Roosevelt came after their exchange of telegrams on war-debt procedure is not entirely the fault of either individual. If we confine our view to the immediate situation, the President is to be praised at least for recognizing the importance of keeping negotiations open and losing as little time as possible. He is to be praised for consulting Mr. Roosevelt and inviting his cooperation. He is surely not to be praised for the manner in which he did it. It was an embarrassing blunder for him to announce publicly that he was seeking Mr. Roosevelt's cooperation on certain terms, before he had troubled to learn privately on just what terms Mr. Roosevelt would cooperate. His first telegram to the Governor was another example of the President's tactlessness. It lectured Mr. Roosevelt on what was necessary in the circumstances, told him precisely what Mr. Hoover intended to do, and then invited him to cooperate on that basis. It is hardly to be wondered at that the President-elect refused to fall in with this program. He not only disagreed with the President on the method of procedure, but pointed out how unsatisfactory for himself responsibility without authority would be.

Before March 4 Mr. Roosevelt could not have any representative with official standing unless Mr. Hoover appointed him, but that representative, when appointed, would be officially responsible to Mr. Hoover and not to Mr. Roosevelt. There is no way of surmounting this dilemma, and to this extent the failure of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hoover to find a satisfactory basis for cooperation must be laid to the impractical workings of our Constitution rather than to either of the two individuals involved. The incident serves to emphasize dramatically the need for the Norris amendment now happily on its way to ratification.

When, however, we look beyond the immediate situation, it is clear that both men bear a large share of responsibility for the present impasse. Since the moratorium—the boldest and most admirable act of his Administration—Mr. Hoover's attitude on the war debts has been timorous, dilatory, and evasive. Not until actual default by seven nations did he directly venture to suggest to Congress that he would negotiate for a revision of the debts, and even now he makes reservations in advance that would severely limit the scope of discussions and perhaps render them abortive.

Mr. Roosevelt, on his side, has hardly covered himself with glory. True, he has suggested that Mr. Hoover should proceed with the selection of his representatives "to conduct the preliminary exploration," and he has indicated that he will conduct negotiations with our debtors through regular diplomatic channels and special representatives rather than through public speeches for home consumption and the glaring publicity of a conference. This method seems to us far preferable to Mr. Hoover's. Meanwhile, however, Mr. Roosevelt retains his almost pathologic fear of committing himself, and on an issue vital to economic recovery the world remains in the dark. How different the situation would be if he said boldly that he recognized the necessity of revising the debts, and that the first act of his Administration would be to resume negotiations to that end!

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The Nation's Honor Roll for 1932

WE print below a list of American men and women who during the past year have performed some outstanding public service, have made important contributions to art or literature, or have otherwise added in some distinguished manner to the interest and gaiety of life.

Public Service

THE COMMITTEE ON THE COSTS OF MEDICAL CARE, for its thorough, realistic, and careful five-year study of the economic aspects of medical care, and for its majority report, which offers the most fundamental and practical recommendations yet formulated for bringing adequate medical service to the people at a price they can pay.

JUDGE SAMUEL SEABURY, for his masterly investigation of the government of New York City, which led to the resignation of Mayor James J. Walker.

PAUL BLANSHARD, of the City Affairs Committee of New York, for effective work in exposing the economic roots of civic corruption, and for collaborating with Norman Thomas in writing "What's the Matter with New York."

GRACE ABBOTT, chief of the Children's Bureau of the federal Department of Labor, who has valiantly fought to safeguard the welfare of children in the United States through the months and years of the depression.

BRIGADIER GENERAL PELHAM D. GLASSFORD, for his competent and sympathetic handling of the bonus army during its encampment in Washington; and for his persistent courage in defending the character of the bonus army and in denying that the use of troops was necessary on July 28.

BENNETT CLARK of Missouri, for his fearless and outspoken statements in favor of reduction of tariffs while seeking votes as a candidate for the United States Senate.

FIORELLO LA GUARDIA, for distinguished service in the Congress of the United States and especially for his leadership in defeating the sales tax and in organizing the liberal minority group in the House.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, for his intelligent and outspoken opinions with regard to prohibition, our international relations, and the cowardice of men in public life; also for his vigorous criticisms of the party to which he still belongs.

ANNA ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, who managed even in the heat of her husband's successful campaign for the Presidency to carry on her own valuable public and private activities and to maintain an admirable freedom of speech.

JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, for thirty years of distinguished service on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, and for the simplicity and dignity with which at ninety-one years of age he relinquished the duties of that high office.

ABRAHAM FLEXNER, for the wisdom of the plan he has drawn for the Institute for Advanced Study and his success in securing Dr. Albert Einstein as its first professor.

AMELIA EARHART, for her solo flight across the Atlantic, her continued achievements in the field of aviation, and her extraordinary modesty in the face of the attendant publicity.

F. J. SCHLINK and CONSUMERS' RESEARCH, for their almost single-handed fight to protect the consumer against sharp practices and distortions of facts on the part of manufacturers and advertisers.

Journalism

WALTER LIPPMANN, for his thoughtful and brilliantly lucid articles in the New York *Herald Tribune,* which have enlarged the perspective of thousands of newspaper readers on our national and international problems.

WALTER L. SANBORN, of the *North Penn Reporter* of Lansdale, Pennsylvania, for notable patriotic service in bringing about the conviction of an assistant district attorney, a county detective, and a township police chief for administering the third degree to a man arrested on suspicion of committing a crime.

Books and Plays

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, for "An Autobiography," a record of courage and an illuminating self-study of an important American architect and his work.

JOHN DOS PASSOS, for "1919," a novel revealing an unsurpassed range of awareness of contemporary American life, uniting an implicit passion for social justice with the portrayal of living and convincing characters.

VAN WYCK BROOKS, for "The Life of Emerson," a biography reflecting the spirit of the Sage of Concord more successfully than any previous one, and for his admirable "Sketches in Criticism."

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, for making geography the fascinating science it should be.

JOHN HOWARD LAWSON, for "Success Story," a thoughtful and powerful drama which deals with a contemporary problem.

SIDNEY HOWARD and S. N. BEHRMAN, for writing, respectively, "The Late Christopher Bean" and "Biography," two plays which continue two of the best traditions of comedy.

Art and Music

THOMAS BENTON, for his murals, "The Arts of Life in America," designed and executed for the reading-room of the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York City. They constitute the most successful current achievement in mural decoration that is genuinely American in feeling and subject matter.

AARON COPLAND and the CORPORATION OF YADDO, for the Yaddo Festival, one of the first American musical festivals devoted to the interests and problems of young American composers.

REX BRASHER, of Kent, Connecticut, who has this year completed the monumental task—occupying forty-three years of his life—of sketching and painting all the birds of North America, totaling more than 1,200 species, and has just published the last of twelve volumes containing more than 3,000 plates.

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The Future of Radical Political Action

By JOHN DEWEY

THE last election did not settle the future of political parties in the United States. It rather demonstrated the discontent of at least seven million voters with existing alignments. The general trend was definitely in behalf of policies which would use the agencies of government for the social control of industry and finance. It was far from an expression of confidence that the Democratic Party is capable of bringing about such control. For all who, like the present writer, believe that it is thoroughly incapable of doing the needed work, the article of Norman Thomas in *The Nation* of December 14 on The Future of the Socialist Party raises the question of what instrumentality will be the efficient agent for radical political change. Mr. Thomas holds that the Socialist Party alone has the philosophy which meets the political needs. Such a position certainly simplifies the situation. But it also narrows it. In view of the size of the Socialist vote, and of the extent to which it was in part an expression of confidence in Mr. Thomas personally, and in another part a protest vote from non-Socialist liberals, it narrows the problem perhaps unduly.

It is natural that Mr. Thomas should feel that the Socialist Party is the only way out. He has been twice the candidate of his party for the Presidency. There are divergences within the party, such as were manifest in the Milwaukee convention. It is not surprising that he should take the opportunity to set forth his solidarity with the section which officially controls the party; and that he should wish, even at the risk of ungraciousness to the non-Socialists who supported him and of indulging in recriminations, to clear his skirts of any leaning toward those who do not accept the *ipsissima verba* of official Socialist doctrine. But for the millions of the politically discontented who are outside the Socialist Party, the exigencies of the internal strategy of that party cannot go far to settle the larger question of the future of unified political action aiming at social control.

In discussing the matter I feel free to approach it from the angle of the League for Independent Political Action. I do not do so because of Mr. Thomas's unfortunate references to that organization. The league is not a party and has no ambition to become a party. Its function is to promote education and organization looking toward the organization of the desired new alignment. Since it aims to act as a connecting link, and as far as may be as a clearing-house, for groups and individuals who are seeking similar ends, it may stand at least as a symbol for one type of approach to the problem. We agree that a philosophy is needed as a basis for an effective political movement. We have never prejudged the question as to just how far that philosophy agrees or disagrees with that which Mr. Thomas says is the only possible philosophy. I shall not now try to pass on that question. I shall rather set forth our philosophy positively, leaving it to the reader, Socialist or non-Socialist, to judge our degree of divergence and agreement.

The first point in our political philosophy may be stated in connection with the charge brought by Mr. Thomas that the league holds "an intellectualized version of a watered-down socialism." For the statement shows a radical misconception of what our stand is. It is quite true that many of our planks are socialistic and agree with the more immediate demands of the Socialist platform. It is true that we recognize the educational work done by the party and by Mr. Thomas and are grateful to them. But the league's agreements are not imitative. It has not first borrowed and then diluted. We believe that actual social conditions and needs suffice to determine the direction political action should take, and we believe that this is the philosophy which underlies the democratic faith of the American people. The belief is the mark of a positive philosophy, not of the absence of one. If charges against the League for Independent Political Action signify that our program is, in an ultimate sense, partial and tentative, experimental and not rigid, we do more than accept them as a compliment. We claim them as indications of our philosophy. We are confronted with a situation in which certain long-span economic forces are operative and which are sufficiently definite to provide a basis for a constructive political program. But we know that this situation bristles with unknowns and we cannot assume that all issues are settled in advance.

In saying this I am not charging the Socialists with being dogmatic or doctrinaire. I notice that Mr. Thomas in his statement calls for government ownership of the "principal" means of production and distribution. As far as the Socialist Party accepts the distinction between "principal" and other means, it inclines in the direction of what in the case of the League for Independent Political Action is dismissed as a "watered-down socialism." For how can "principal" ones be settled upon, save on the basis of actual conditions and tendencies? And while collective ownership of *all* natural resources is called for, there is evidence that the Socialist Party recognizes a gradation in importance and in urgency, and would concentrate first of all upon coal and the water power from which electric power is derived. So far, then, as the Socialist Party is not doctrinaire, there are no differences which are not subject to discussion and conferences—and not so much *with* the L. I. P. A. itself as, through it, with the other groups which are concerned with bringing about a new type of politics in this country.

We are thus led to the second main point in the philosophy of the L. I. P. A. This is the belief that politics is a struggle for possession and use of power to settle specific issues that grow out of the country's needs and problems. There is very little difference of opinion among radical groups as to what these issues at present are; there is more difference, though not to an amount insuperable for unity, as to how they should be dealt with. Since it believes that politics is a struggle for power to achieve results, the philosophy of the league stands for that strength which can be had only by unity. It believes in working for agreement, not for emphasizing and magnifying the differences that stand in the way of union. I do not charge the Socialist Party with standing for sectarianism and division. I do say that *we* desire a union of forces to which Socialists can and should contribute.

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Because we desire a union of forces instead of that isolation and division which have so weakened liberal and radical forces in the past, we are strongly opposed to all slurs and sneers at the farmers, engineers, teachers, social workers, small merchants, clergy, newspaper people, and white-collar workers who constitute the despised middle class. Since they also constitute a great part of the American nation, and since they are influential and are sensitive to the injustices and inequalities of the present economic order, we do not indulge in the fantasy that effective power can be gained by taking pains to alienate them, by assuming, for example, that they are animated by anti-social class motives. This attitude does not signify that we think their present political views are, upon the whole, sufficiently enlightened to afford the basis of a political program, but that we do believe that they are readily capable of education under competent leadership.

It is nothing less than misrepresentation based on ignorance to assert that this effort to reach the elements just spoken of is connected with disregard of the interests of the manual workers, to say nothing about those who go into the field of motives to search out unworthy ones, similar, for example, to those which members of the Communist Party constantly attribute to the Socialist Party. It has been a constant aim of the L. I. P. A. to find labor groups which believe in independent political action, to bring them together, and to carry on education among those labor groups which have not yet seen the light. We *are* opposed to the defeatist policy which assumes that there can be no effective radical political action in this country until the majority of the population have sunk into the "proletariat." We are not yet convinced that the Socialist Party has taken this latter position even though individual Socialists have done so.

Because we are an organization working to secure unity of action where division now exists, we are necessarily exploring the field. We cannot prejudge the amount of unity that can be achieved. For this reason, we are proposing to have a conference of all progressive and radical groups in 1933 to consider this very question. Naturally we shall be disappointed if Socialist leaders slam the door in advance on all hope of cooperation.

Since Mr. Thomas in his "As I See It" states that the essential is to achieve the substance rather than the name, we hope he may be willing, "without prejudice" as to any ulterior commitment, to recommend to the party of which he is the honored head that it enter upon the exploration discussions which are the necessary preliminary to the united action which alone will achieve desired results. But in any and every case the L. I. P. A. invites the cooperation to this end of all individuals and all groups who are of like mind about the need for political action to bring about radical changes in our present economic and financial system.

Shoebuttons for Huckleberries

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, December 24

AT first blush Roosevelt's "refusal to cooperate" with Hoover on the debt problem appeared to be the act, not of an old potato, but of a small one. However, additional information puts quite a different face on the matter. About "cooperation," as about so many things, Mr. Hoover seems to have peculiar ideas. His plan for dealing with the dilemma of debts and defaults is to appoint a commission which would study debts, disarmament, and world economic conditions jointly, and then conduct negotiations with other governments. Mr. Roosevelt, on the contrary, believes that these questions should be considered separately and handled through the regular diplomatic channels. Although neither has taken me into his confidence, I have solid reasons for believing that Mr. Hoover invited Mr. Roosevelt to "cooperate" by abandoning his own plan and accepting Mr. Hoover's. When the Governor politely declined, such impartial observers as Mark Sullivan made the dreadful discovery that he was "refusing to cooperate." It would do them and Mr. Hoover no harm to spend a few minutes with a standard dictionary. Without attempting to judge the merits of the rival plans (although Hoover's has much to recommend it), it is well to consider certain facts. The first is that Roosevelt probably suspects Hoover of trying to trap him—and that his suspicions probably are correct. The second is that if any settlement of the debt problem is reached, it will be reached by Roosevelt's Administration, and that for Hoover to initiate any policy which he knows will not be pursued by his successor would be an act either of sabotage or invincible egotism. The third is that while doubtless it would be desirable to have the preliminary work start at once, there will still be time to handle the matter between the inauguration of Roosevelt and the date when the next payments fall due. Someone should remind Mr. Hoover that he is about to go out of office. On the subject of the debts themselves, except where Britain is involved, I remain a Ku Kluxer to the bone. Much of the money which France borrowed from us she lent in turn to her allies of the Little Entente, who used it to purchase armaments from French manufacturers. Has any Frenchman suggested the cancelation of those debts? The Poles and Rumanians and Jugoslavs will be eating shoebuttons for huckleberries before France forgives them a dime. If any forgiveness is to be practiced by our government, there are several million mortgage-laden American farmers who will want to know about it.

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WHILE we are examining whose capacity to pay what, it may be helpful to glance at the latest statistics of income which have just been issued by the federal Treasury. Fewer than 1.2 per cent of the population had incomes in 1931 sufficient to require the payment of federal income taxes. Their taxable net income totaled about $13,000,000,000, as against $25,000,000,000 in 1929. The number of taxable returns was 25 per cent less in 1931 than in 1930, and the total reported net income was 23.17 per cent less. Income-tax payments for 1931 will total about $240,000,000, as compared with the juicy billion paid in 1929. So it will be seen

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that your Uncle Shylock isn't so flush himself. However, those who have been deriding Huey Long's complaint about the concentration of wealth might pause to note that one one-thousandth of all those making returns had more than one-twentieth of the reported net income, that there are seventy-five Americans in these days of famine who still had net incomes of more than $1,000,000 each last year, and that the fortunate four at the very top averaged more than $9,500,000 each. (Don't ask me—I don't know the names.) It is true that after a hard-hearted and rapacious government had finished taxing them, there remained only an average of $8,123,178 for each. Four persons with nearly ten millions a year, and more than ten million persons tramping the streets—these are the fruits of "rugged individualism"! I should not care to be one of those four any more than I should care to be one of the ten million.

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NEVERTHELESS, I dare say these four are very well satisfied with themselves. The self-assurance of American millionaires is something for future historians and psychiatrists to ponder. For example, a number of them met in New York three weeks ago and solemnly decided to launch what may be described as an American fascist movement. This particular hocus-pocus was sponsored by Walter P. Chrysler, the automobile manufacturer, Thomas L. Chadbourne, the New York lawyer who attempted unsuccessfully to form an international cartel to control sugar production, and Edward F. Hutton, a broker. With an optimism which would be inspiring under other circumstances, Chrysler underwrote the project for $150,000, and eleven of his fellow-connivers coughed up $5,000 each. The prime objects of this comic-opera movement, as explained to those invited to participate, are: (1) repeal of the anti-trust laws to permit big business to "govern itself" (meaning, of course, to govern the country); and (2) to reduce government expenses and "improve methods of taxation" (meaning, of course, to substitute a sales tax for high taxes on large incomes). In support of the suggestion that these gentlemen actually take their movement seriously, I can only point to the fact that they have put up their money. It hardly seems to constitute a serious threat to our present political and industrial system, but there is no reason why the Department of Justice should not look into it. It is rather significant that the eminently practical boys who represent the United States Chamber of Commerce in Washington hastily refused to have any truck with the American Mussolinis. They don't even wish to be seen talking to them.

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RETURNING to the world of grim realities, it is high time to observe that the operations of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation have been, on the whole, a dismal failure. Indeed, that fact was observed this week in the Senate by Robert F. Wagner, in the most crushing address which has been delivered during this session of Congress. There is no escape from the fact which Senator Wagner pointed out, namely, that the fault for this failure rests squarely on Hoover and the R. F. C. directors appointed by him. "Too technical, legalistic, and lacking in enterprise and human sympathy," was Wagner's bitter but accurate description of the manner in which R. F. C. funds have been administered. Established by Congress as the government's chief agency for the relief of suffering and the creation of jobs, it has, as Wagner said, been conducted as "an ultra-conservative bank." States and cities have virtually been compelled to take a pauper's oath before they could get a nickel to feed their starving citizens. In instances where they borrowed for the construction of "self-liquidating" projects they have been compelled to pay an interest rate much higher than that paid by the government, and—still more significant—where those projects threatened to compete with privately owned utilities they have experienced great difficulty in obtaining the loans at all. The suggestion has been advanced that the directors of the R. F. C. must make a large profit out of their loans to States and cities in order to offset the losses which they expect to result from their loans to private corporations. It is not a very respectable excuse, but it probably has more than a grain of truth in it. In support of his demand for radical changes in the R. F. C. act and for additional relief legislation, Wagner presented these facts: (1) Factory workers in 1932 will receive $7,500,000 less than in 1929; (2) factory wages in October of this year were 28 per cent lower than in October last year; (3) construction contracts in September of this year totaled $127,500,000 as against $251,000,000 in September of last year and $445,000,000 in September, 1929; (4) exports in September this year amounted to $132,000,000 as against $180,000,000 in September last year; (5) during the year which ended June 30, 6,273,000 savings accounts were finally exhausted and $3,500,000 laid up against old age and ill health had been used up. And so, a Happy New Year to everyone!

The Wall of Glass

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Between us rose a wall of glass;
We could not speak, we could not pass.
Death-cold against my flesh I felt
Crystal impossible to melt.
Your lips moved, but I heard no sound—
Only a silence more profound
Because of sight; it somehow grew
Starker than fear, and stranger, too.
I struck my fist against that wall—
It would not shatter, yield at all;
Only a glint of silver shone,
Like breath upon a window blown.
The image wavered and was blurred,
And if it spoke I caught no word.
So fell the dusk, and what became
Darkness was uttered as your name.
Surely, I thought, this wall is thinned
To nothing but a scarf of wind.
Not even stars and empty space
Can mask what still must be your face.
Night-long through that clear casement I
Stared at illimitable sky,
Moonless. Before the owl had drawn
His furtive wing across the dawn
I heard, far off, the fretful sound
Ice makes imprisoned underground. . .
That morning there was frost; and light
Lay on a world too blinding-bright.

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Roxy's Advantage over God

Radio City Music Hall*

THE hall has a mighty, swift sweep. Hesitation there is none. It is as if, when you pushed aside the curtain, there had been a rocketing of space. All at once there is a vast firmament overhead, and a great distance stretching out under it. It is not the sensation of a dome. The dome, as you come under it, after a long approach, sensing its presence by the circle of light, opens up far overhead, majestic, poised, centered, floating, serene. This huge vault, however, is different. It has focus and energy. The focus is the great proscenium arch, over sixty feet high and one hundred feet wide, a huge semicircular void, filled, at the moment, by the folds of a golden curtain. From that the energy disperses. Like a firmament the arched structure rises outward and forward. The "ceiling," uniting sides and top in its one great curve, proceeds by successive broad bands, like the bands of northern lights. It has eight such transverse sections. They overlap like gigantic Venetian blinds, or like sections of a telescope; and the cove formed by each such lap or offset conceals the lights. Shining thus toward the stage in successive rows, they illumine the broad bands of the ceiling, from which the light then floats down into the huge space. The ceiling is now revealed as gold, of a sandy texture and beautiful low key; and the bands exhibit a fine fluting or ribbing. There are grills, or louvres, in them, too, arranged like the ribs of a fan converging toward the stage; at the pressing of a button the main lights go off, and the whole huge auditorium can be dimly lit by these spaced rays of what seem like distant overhead shuttered windows.

This vault is a delight. Not only the vast space: this nervous energy, this swift radiation. There is something about it that fits. It stands for our thoughts. Picture the Greek, with his serene colonnade topped by the low triangle of his pediment. It is measured and self-contained. Picture the Roman, who commands the round power of the masonry dome. Then the Gothic artist, who thrusts his vaults upwards: his buildings grow like plants. Baroque elaborates on the Roman; twists, turns, and moves. It is suited to theaters. But we can move in paths of a still greater variety. Our trajectory can be more direct. We have control over forces more abstract and more potent. The investigations of our thinkers are concerned with ethereal radiations and vibrations. It is these that have been manipulated to make possible the whole enterprise of our tremendous industry of sound communication. So it is fitting, almost symbolical, that a great hall of ours, devoted in whatever manner to music, should expand from a focus by waves that follow a great curve, exhilarating rather than serene; and that the great volume of space should depend, for its definition in color and for the various modulations of apparent amplitude or of mood, not primarily on pigment—though the most satisfactory color that is also exciting is this gold—but on intangible light itself.

I wish not to exaggerate the pleasure to be had, but I have vowed to record it. There are skeptics who, having followed the outward history of Radio City, believe that everything connected with it must be essentially absurd. Delight, however, follows its own path, and when or where it will strike is unpredictable.

The auditorium of which I am speaking, and for the sake of which I am obliged, in this short space, to surrender the whole gigantic outerworks of Radio City to others, along with all remarks on its place in society, has many flaws, some of them dangerous. May we leave them to another day? There still remains, after the first naive delight, a vitality to be explained: it inheres in the fact that the devices which were used were architectural.

Descriptions in the press say "starkly structural," as if it had been a matter of engineering; but that would have been easier. Piers and beams are easy to emphasize. This ceiling is not structural, however, in the sense of support, but is a mask. Two years ago (February 25, 1931) in these pages I described the first experiment with a similar shell, at the New School for Social Research. I then gave Mr. Urban insufficient credit for the innovation. It is his device that is here developed and properly used; its value becomes apparent. No confusion exists between what is shell and what is supporting structure; hence the shell can both look and be itself.

There are further architectural pleasures which arise from a good plan. The seats are generously spaced; they are comfortable; the sight-lines are excellent; and everywhere you can hear plainly without echo or burr. Despite the capacity of 6,200 the greatest distance from the stage is actually less than at the Capitol or the old Roxy, the theater being as wide as the block. Instead of the usual deep balcony, which cuts the average auditorium in two, there are three shallow "mezzanines." The impossible remains impossible, however, and no power of paradox can quite reconcile huge with intimate; so if the stage is to be used for anything much smaller than massed ballets and big orchestras, either it must be covered with a huge lens, or, as a friend has suggested, Robert Edmond Jones, the art director, will have to supply the actors with visible facial expressions by means of three-foot masks.

The architectural firms were three: Reinhard and Hofmeister; Corbett, Harrison and MacMurray; and Hood and Fouilhoux. I would have said that the manner seems most like Hood's, but they refuse to allocate personal credit, emphasizing the group nature of their work.

Roxy, the director, entered into collaboration on the music hall some six months after work began. Publicity releases from Radio City declare that a "sunrise at sea inspired him to this architectural triumph." Since Roxy made the sun, a sunrise must have been quite easy for him. Roxy has one advantage over God. He can apparently work backwards or forwards. He would not hesitate to create something that was already there.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

* Radio City Music Hall, in Rockefeller Center, New York City, was officially opened on December 27.—EDITORS THE NATION.

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Art and Big Business

THE current witticism about Radio City Music Hall, the first to open of the Rockefeller-Radio ensemble, is that it is an auditorium and foyers to washrooms. Our best people in advanced *art moderne* circles competed for the work of styling and decorating these lounges. The jury was composed of twenty-one architects, and Roxy had the last word. Donald Deskey, who designed the modern art gallery on the top floor of the John D. Rockefeller, Jr., town house, and who also does cork and metal window displays for Saks Fifth Avenue, was put in charge of the decoration as a whole, functioning about like an orchestra conductor or a circus ring-master. The work was given out by him, subject to the approval of the architects and Roxy, and it went mostly to artists associated with, or known to, the A. U. D. A. C., advance guard of modern and modernistic artists and decorators.

The star project, however, a sixty-by-thirty-foot mural which can be seen from every part of the theater except the auditorium and the washrooms, was awarded to Ezra Winter by a special jury dominated by architects who are evidently not sympathetic to modern painting. It is painted in an inspirational style and represents "the upward march of mankind toward the great golden mountain where the Author of Life dwells beside the Fountain of Eternal Youth." The most interesting thing about this neuter composition is the story of how it was painted. Mr. Winter hired a hall and spread the canvas on the floor, and his workmen walked around on it with buckets of paint and put in the clouds and the foliage. The "mural" was then pasted to the wall. We heard it cost $35,000, but neither Mr. Deskey nor the R. K. O. people will talk prices.

Queerly enough, the stylistic difference between the Winter painting and the rest of the décor makes no disharmony. The architects and artists and Roxy have all collaborated smoothly in obedience to the main principle of Roxy aesthetic, which is to displease no one. Architectural dogma supports this idea by the statement that the function of a decorator is to enhance and accentuate the lines of the room. Perspective in murals is forbidden because it "breaks" the wall, color should be muted, line should be pattern only. In other words, a muralist should be an accompanist with nothing of his own to say. Modern art takes easily to this secondary role because of its distaste for subject, its view of painting as primarily decorative, its emphasis on pure pleasure and choice contemplation, its tendency to view the artist as a superior person engaged in privately significant play. As to Roxy, what he wants is to make his patrons feel luxuriously cozy. The spectacle and the surroundings should please, amuse, and distract, should muffle and pad the emotions and make thought unnecessary.

From the point of view of what Roxy wants, the Radio City Music Hall is a huge success. The stage will provide gigantic pipe-dreams. The accommodations flatter and soothe. Every lady who powders her nose in any one of the four lounges provided for the purpose will feel like Marion Davies. Every gentleman who retires to each or all of the four corresponding foyers will feel rich and sophisticated like the beau ideal of the *New Yorker*. The art will not bother them. Probably the ladies won't even see it, because in one of the feminine lounges it is ghostly white "Phantasmagoria of the Theater" on white parchment, in another it is a subtle fabric, in the third it is large and delicate flowers, and in the fourth nothing but mirrors, and here the dream is likely to become a nightmare. The Stuart Davis abstraction called "Men Without Women" in one of the men's lounges may excite some comment, but it would excite more if the name of the piece were written on it.

The ladies and gentlemen of the Roxy audience will meet in the main lounge, sit in plush and tweed modernistic chairs, sip their coffee, flick their cigarette ashes into restrained Varnum Poore ash-receivers, and gaze dopily into the black depths of the glassy gun-metal columns which set off the promenade. The floors are richly padded, the walls are either polished or softly draped. Everything is subdued, discreet, costly. The eye catches on nothing but glint and smooth modulation of tone, especially since the Roxy–DeWolf Hopper party went through and had to notice three heroic-size aluminum nudes, two of which have already been disposed of.

One of them was by William Zorach. It was called "Rhythm" and stood in the main lounge. The other was an Eve, by Gwen Lux, in one of the women's lounges. DeWolf Hopper said women didn't look like that and Roxy thought they were both "too advanced," meaning that they were neither splendidly golden nor cozy. The third is a Goose Girl by Robert Laurent. She is posed discreetly in the gallery on the second floor, quietly visible from the main foyer. She looks like Irene Bordoni, and if she were made of marble she would stand a better chance of not being dispensed with, too.

As a unified work of art Radio City Music Hall cannot be taken very seriously, nor is any single creation in it of the major caliber a collector or a museum would value. It is in the good taste of this moment's fashion, but fundamentally it is as spurious, from a genuinely artistic point of view, as everything else fathered by Roxy and what he stands for. Some critics escape its implications by calling it "modernistic" instead of "modern." Others say it is at least a great step forward in the architecture and decoration of theaters. But these phrases are small apology for the vicious program both the theater and the building carry out, which is to be artistically null and socially soporific—immoral in the deepest sense.

Several of the artists seem uneasily aware of this. They blame big business. They had thought that the Rockefeller–Radio City project was giving them a chance to do their best and finest work, in collaboration with each other and for something artistically and socially necessary; in other words, it was giving them an economic meaning and a place in our social scheme, something of prime importance to folk dependent on whim, whose livelihood, as things are now, must come either from the "luxury trade" or big business, and both at a price. In the Radio City Music Hall the price turned out to be one that an artist who is also a responsible citizen, as all great artists always are, cannot pay; for such a person, as Benton says, must "make some relation to life," must contribute his thought and his point of view as well as his taste and skill, and in our times especially none but the weak can dream in a padded cell.

ANITA BRENNER

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Ramsay MacDonald, Prisoner

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

London, December 2

IT was in August of last year that Ramsay MacDonald achieved the extraordinary coup by which he was enthroned as national Prime Minister of Britain and accepted as virtual leader of the still powerful Conservative Party. His rise to the premiership when leader of the Labor Party was one of the marvels of political history. This latest phase of his career is one that transcends definition. Joseph Chamberlain used to say that no place in the government of England was worth having except the first. In any other office a statesman had to take orders; the Prime Minister alone could have his own way, for however short a time. Mr. MacDonald would doubtless agree, although he has never, even for three months, wielded the actual authority of an Asquith or a Lloyd George. During the first stage of the National Government he possessed at least the nominal powers of a dictator. At that time his word, if he could have uttered it, would have been indorsed by Parliament and obeyed by the country. But it was only for a very brief spell that this could have been said of him. The experience of the past year has shown that he is a prisoner of the Tories. Ottawa and the Disarmament Conference, to say nothing of the unemployment crisis at home, provide dramatic proof of his helplessness, and we cannot be surprised that as the year ends, the air is full of rumors and guesses as to the alternatives that may soon be pressed upon him. Upon these matters I shall have a word to say at the end. Let us look first at the picture which England presents after sixteen months of a regime such as Peel and Gladstone never knew.

The Government faced the problems of 1932 virtually uncommitted. There had been no need to state a policy to the electorate. Mr. MacDonald asked for a doctor's mandate, his colleagues and supporters for a free hand. The only things quite beyond dispute were that the Tories, who had been outspoken during the campaign, would drive forward their scheme of a general tariff, and that in the interests of economy the unemployment benefits would be reduced and the social services, which had been upheld by every government for twenty years, systematically cut down.

The record of the Government so far lies within the sphere of tariffs. This was to be expected. The program of the Tories consists in tariffs. Their candidates said so, and the presence of Neville Chamberlain at the Exchequer was a plain indication of what was intended. His opponents are as ready as his friends to acknowledge that it is a remarkable feat to have made England a completely protected country, thus reversing the policy of nearly a century in the course of a few months. The change was made possible by the wearing out of the old free-trade sentiment in the country, the surrender by the Liberals of their historic position, and the continuance of Liberal ministers in the Cabinet for more than half a year after the purpose of the Tory majority had become manifest to everybody.

Ottawa is an event by itself. Before the convening of that singular conference all critics of the Government who dwelt upon the facts of unemployment were advised to wait until after Ottawa, as though some magical remedy for the sickness of industrial Britain was to be found in tariff arrangements with four British dominions the government and peoples of which are resolved to protect their manufactures against all competitors. It is difficult to understand what expectations such politicians as Stanley Baldwin and Walter Runciman cherished with regard to Ottawa, for the latter was an earnest free trader until last year and the former has delivered speeches on the limitations of the tariff which must have done for him with the extreme protectionists. What everyone has remarked since the return of the delegates from Canada is that the results are commonly treated as small in relation to British commerce, although they are exceedingly important when considered as matters of policy. We cannot as yet begin to estimate what the results are likely to be on Britain's international trade; but it is recognized as of the greatest moment that Britain should surrender her tariff independence and, at the bidding of a limited and inexperienced politician such as the present Canadian Premier, should submit to agreements with the daughter nations of the Commonwealth binding her to tariffs that cannot be altered by the British Parliament until after a specified term of years. When Lord (once Philip) Snowden said, as he left the Cabinet, that the Ottawa agreement was to bring Britain down to a level below that of a British dominion, he was not mistaken.

Meanwhile it is to be noted that the champions of protection and the eulogists of Ottawa do not attempt to keep up the pretense that Empire tariff arrangements can in present conditions make any material difference in the grim facts of unemployment. A member of the late Labor Cabinet is busy reiterating what every American now knows quite well —that unemployment must bring down every government in the end. In a time of unprecedented stringency, when we can see no smallest sign of improvement in world conditions, it would be folly to expect that a government representing the interests once again dominant in England could devise a policy of industrial and financial reconstruction. Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues have no such policy. They will carry still farther their schemes of departmental economy and lower wage scales in the public services, and we cannot doubt that, despite the warnings of their own advisers throughout the country, they will continue to stiffen the administration of unemployment relief, in the somewhat desperate hope familiar to you in America that a turn in the tide cannot now be long delayed. And this brings me to the personal problem of the Prime Minister and his future.

Mr. MacDonald's case is exciting the keenest interest and, I am sure, very widespread commiseration. He has undergone a great change since the crisis of last year, and especially since the operation on his eye. These months have whitened his hair. The leader who for forty years was continually on the platform now seldom speaks outside the House of Commons and there only when he must. His more sensitive friends have lately been wishing that some means could be found by which he might be wholly relieved

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of the duty of public speech, so far below the tolerable minimum of sense and sound have his utterances come to be. Until recently his physical resources were remarkable, his resilience hardly inferior to that of the most vital of his parliamentary contemporaries. We are assured by his physician that his general health is maintained, but one never meets anyone in the political world who speaks of him without anxiety. It is not improbable, I judge, that he may be able to hold on until the moment when a change in the government itself becomes imperative. What, then, of his successor? Could it be the Tory leader? Probably not, for Stanley Baldwin is believed to be wedded to the idea of the National Government; and it is undeniable that even if he were to be Prime Minister again, it could not be for more than a brief interval. The Tory extremists who dominate the Conservative Party will not consent to be led by him. Nor do I find any instructed politicians who believe Neville Chamberlain to be a possible head of a government that retains the National label. The practical conclusion would seem to be that unless physical reasons of a compelling kind reveal themselves, Mr. MacDonad will continue in the premiership. But no prophetic sense is needed to make one feel that in the near future events may perhaps be of such a character that no man not enjoying the fulness of health and confidence can hope to command, either in Britain or in any country of Europe.

Eduard Bernstein

By LUDWIG LORE

ON Sunday, December 18, one of the last of the Old Guard of the German Social Democracy died in Berlin. Eduard Bernstein, the son of a locomotive engineer, was a dyed-in-the-wool Berliner. He loved the city of his birth as few have loved it—loved its people and its labor movement, knew its language and its slang, revered its artistic greatness, and sang its popular airs in the circle of his intimates even after he had reached a ripe old age. He was past master in the art of amiable give-and-take, with the quickness of wit and the broad, jolly humor that characterize a son of the German capital. His autobiographical works radiate this same good-natured friendliness, the comfortable atmosphere that emanates from a man who, in the midst of conflict, is yet inwardly at peace with himself and the world.

But the world will remember Bernstein, not as the author of his memoirs, nor as the recorder of those all-too-human episodes which, taken together, give us so graphic a picture of the social and political life of his time, nor as the party man who played so active a role in the day-by-day work of the Social Democratic movement. In its memory he will live as the historian and the theorist who made a contribution to the life of the international proletariat that no historian can overlook or ignore. In his collection of essays, "The National Economy of Our Times," Bernstein gave us a picture of his conversion to socialism and of his work in the Socialist movement. He portrays the reactions of the young bank clerk in the seventies of the last century to the party which, in that period, was just emerging from political insignificance and theoretical vagueness into an organized movement with a definitely outlined social philosophy and political program. At that time Dr. Karl Höchberg, the son of a wealthy Frankfort citizen, engaged young Bernstein, who was only too eager to exchange his commercial career for political activity, as his assistant on a bimonthly periodical, *Die Zukunft,* in which he propagated an idealized middle-class socialism. When Bismarck's Socialist Exception Law (1878) put an end to Socialist propaganda in Germany, Bernstein went to Switzerland as a member of the editorial staff of the *Sozialdemokrat*, published in Zurich by the German Social Democracy for secret distribution within Germany. In 1881 Bernstein became the editor of this fighting organ and followed it to London in 1898, when the Swiss government succumbed to Bismarck's threatening attitude. Engels, in 1881, wrote to Bebel from London: ". . . Bernstein is doing a splendid job . . . We can hardly hope to find a better man. In his hands the paper is improving from week to week, and he with it. . . ."

During his London sojourn a gradual change in Bernstein's outlook took place—a change in his conception of the Socialist idea and the Marxian theory that crystallized into what became known as "revisionism." There he lived as far apart from the daily political struggle as a "landed English aristocrat," in the rarefied atmosphere of an abstract Fabian intellectualism. This spiritual transformation found expression in a series of articles published in 1896 in the *Neue Zeit,* the scientific organ of the German Social Democracy, of which Karl Kautsky was the editor. Three years later Bernstein systematized his theories in "The Prerequisites of Socialism and the Tasks of the Social Democracy," a book that made him the leader of revisionism.

Within the Social Democracy, during the years in which Wilhelm II endeavored to reconcile the labor movement with the monarchy, a new current was undermining the revolutionary class struggle and bringing to the fore a tendency toward a state socialism that aimed at immediate gains through parliamentary methods and preached a policy of mutual understanding between capital and labor. Bernstein became its outstanding exponent. He denied the inevitable intensification of the class struggle and the increasing impoverishment of the working class. He insisted that capitalism creates prosperous labor strata whose salvation lies not in revolution but in evolution, in the peaceful development of society into the Socialist state. In his opinion the Social Democracy, though it still spoke in revolutionary phrases, was no longer and could no longer be revolutionary in action. He demanded that the labor movement have the courage to preach what it practiced, to appear to be what it actually was—a democratic Socialist reform party. Rosa Luxemburg, Karl Kautsky, and Franz Mehring actively fought the spread of Bernstein's revisionism, which was threatening to divide the party. Had the split between the Marxian and the revisionist wings come at that time, the history of the German labor movement—indeed, the history of Germany—might

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have been different. Mehring summed up his criticism of the new tendency in the pregnant words: "What, for the Marxists, is a means to an end, the incessant self-analysis with which he searches his attitude toward realities, is aim and end to the revisionist; he revises because revision is his goal; in fear of an absolute dogma he spurns every relative truth. He thinks no thought to an end and thus arrives from nothing, through nothing, at nothing."

Yet it was Bernstein who had correctly foreseen the course that German Social Democracy was to take. It followed his line, not that of the Marxists, who, as Germany grew to world power and world imperialism, strove for intensification, not amelioration, of the conflict with the ruling class. Trade unions and cooperatives with gigantic property interests amounting to hundreds of millions of marks stiffened the backbone of revisionism, with the result that the labor movement proceeded consistently to August 4, 1914, to the debacle of German and international Social Democracy.

Singularly enough, the World War, which brought the Social Democracy to an open break with its revolutionary past, found Bernstein, after a brief period of uncertainty, standing with Haase, Kautsky, and the others whose opposition to the war drove them to form the Independent Social Democratic Party. Yet this apparent contradiction may be the key to the real nature of Bernstein, the politician and the man. He had come from a Jewish, petit-bourgeois family of liberal tendencies. His father was active in liberal circles; his uncle, Aron Bernstein, was the celebrated editor of the Berliner *Volkszeitung*. This tradition was reinforced by his ten years' stay in England. His conception of the relationship between the state and the people resembled the internationalism of the British free trader rather than that of the proletarian class struggle. The liberal pacifist in Bernstein for a time overshadowed the man of practical politics. With the end of the war and the emergence of the new issues of the revolution, he once more returned to his natural place, the Social Democratic Party, which he represented in the Reichstag up to 1928.

Characteristic of Bernstein's point of view was his attitude toward Soviet Russia. So great was his bitterness against the revolutionary methods of the Bolsheviks that he was led to an unfairness toward his opponents that was foreign to his kindly nature. In his resentment he even repeated the slanderous legend that Lenin and Trotzky had been paid for the November revolution with Hohenzollern gold. His last years, in spite of his great age, were devoted to his literary pursuits. Besides being tirelessly active in the Socialist movement, Bernstein had been an amazingly prolific writer. His works on the history of the German and the international labor movement belong to the classics of Socialist literature.

However one may evaluate Bernstein's influence on the labor movement, one must recognize the whole-heartedness and unselfishness with which he placed the rich resources of a great personality unreservedly in the service of the oppressed. The world has lost a courageous and faithful idealist.

When Men Eat Dogs

By ROBERT N. McMURRY

UNEMPLOYMENT begets psychological as well as economic problems. Much emphasis has been placed on its economic aspects; very little upon its psychological effects. It has remained for the psychology department of the University of Vienna, under the supervision of Professor Karl Bühler, and the Oesterreichische Wirtschaftspsychologische Forschungstelle, under the direction of Dr. Paul Lazarsfeld, to complete a comprehensive study of the effect of continued unemployment upon the worker himself. The stimulus to this investigation was the fact that Austria alone, with a total population of 6,500,000, has more than 500,000 unemployed, and that a like proportion is without work in Germany. The condition of many of these people is desperate. In parts of Austria it is a commonplace for a man to remark: "Yesterday we ate our dog. I hated to do it because it had been our pet, but this is the third year that I have been without work and we had had no meat in more than a month. I told my wife and children that it was horseflesh and they liked it very much."

Often an entire community is unemployed because the single industry which gave it support has been forced to close. Dr. Lazarsfeld chose as a typical example of such communities the village of Marienthal. Located approximately eighteen miles south of Vienna, Marienthal has been for nearly a hundred years the site of a mill of the Wool Spinning and Dyeing Company of Truman and Marienthal. It was the only industry in the village and when it was in operation it employed more than 1,400 persons. It closed in March, 1929. Since then all but 37 persons out of a total population of 1,486 (98.8 per cent) have been without regular employment. Under the guise of an ostensible program of relief work, the residents of Marienthal were studied intensively.

As citizens of Austria the residents of Marienthal have for the most part received an *Arbeitslosunterstützung*, or unemployment relief. Its cost is borne jointly by Austrian employers, employees, and the state. After a maximum of thirty weeks the worker is eligible only for *Notstandaushilfe*, or emergency help, which may continue for as long as one year and amounts to about 80 per cent of the unemployment relief. Both are administered by a district committee, usually a local organization. The amount of help which a worker receives varies from .72 to 1.85 Austrian schillings a day, or between 10 and 20 cents. At the conclusion of the emergency help, the individual is said to be *völlig ausgesteuert*, that is, ineligible for further assistance. Furthermore, anyone drawing unemployment-relief money is automatically barred from accepting any other employment on penalty of having his relief withdrawn. This limits the possibility of supplementary income to what can be obtained by cultivating small vegetable gardens or breeding hares. A few persons obtain occasional work with neighboring farmers, for which they are usually paid in kind.

Life in Marienthal moves in cycles of two weeks—the

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period between payments of the dole. These payment days are more important than Sunday, for Sunday is only the day on which a few more prosperous families have meat. The day of the payment becomes a sort of macabre festival. The *Ratenjud,* the peddler from Vienna, comes with his stock of potatoes, meal, and fat. This is the day when payments are made on the accounts which everyone runs—the shoemaker alone has 8,000 schillings on his books and the cinema is almost universally attended on credit.

As with all people who live constantly on the verge of absolute want, the diet of the residents of Marienthal is badly balanced and monotonous. Its chief article is a sort of stew whose principal ingredient is potatoes, to which are added such vegetables and scraps of meat as are available, the whole cooked in grease. To conserve the fat, the mixture is usually left in the pot, fresh material being added occasionally to replace that which has been eaten. The effect of this diet is now evident in both the children and the adults. Among the children the health of 34 per cent was found to be very bad and only 15 per cent were rated as having normal health. No child from a family which had passed through the full period of help was found to have normal health. A similar condition, although not as pronounced, prevails among the adults.

When the mill closed, the people of Marienthal had a fairly large stock of clothes. By means of ingenious mending they still contrive to look presentable. In the case of the children, however, this is more difficult. Because of growth and activity they subject their clothing to much harder wear. Furthermore, since they attend school in a neighboring town they mingle with the children of fathers who are still employed. Thus their plight is brought home to them more vividly than to their parents, who have succeeded in isolating themselves from external contacts. No children are permitted by their parents to indulge in any sort of violent activity—even if they had energy enough—because their clothes might be irreparably damaged, and when they are gone, no one knows where any others will be obtained.

Among the parents of these children a certain fatalism has developed. When the mill first closed, there were innumerable rumors of a prompt reopening. But time passed and nothing came of them. Later a portion of the plant was demolished for the brick which composed its walls. Perhaps the best index of the apathy of these people is the record of the library. Between the years 1929 and 1931 the number of books lent decreased 49 per cent. The books are free and Marienthal has an exceptionally good stock of them. Not only has the total number of books lent decreased, but also the number of books per reader. In 1929 each borrower took out an average of 2 23 books. In 1931 the average had dropped to 1.6. When the factory was in operation, the village had a kindergarten. Part of its equipment was a set of Montessori toys. The kindergarten is closed, but the balls and the raffia and the building blocks remain, quite unused, in a box in the workers' clubroom. In the days of its prosperity Marienthal was very proud of its park. The hedges were kept neatly trimmed, the grass mowed, and the walks carefully tended. Of an evening and on Sunday afternoons it was customary to sit in the park or to stroll along the allée. Now no one goes into the park any more. The hedges are unclipped, the grass is dry and dead, weeds grow in the walks.

No longer are newspapers thoroughly read. In the words of Kurt S., one of the village political leaders, "Formerly, I read the *Arbeiterzeitung* until I knew it inside and out. Now I just look at a little of it and throw it away, in spite of the fact that I have so much more time." The *Arbeiterzeitung* is the central organ of the Social Democratic Party. It carries extended discussions of political and economic problems, and its journalistic style is such that for persons of limited education it is not easy reading. Between 1929 and 1931 its subscriptions declined 60 per cent in Marienthal, in spite of the fact that it is sold to the unemployed for only four groschen, or a little more than half a cent. On the other hand, the *Kleine Blatt,* with identical political affiliations but containing much more simple material, although it costs ten groschen, has lost only 27 per cent of its readers.

A similar lack of interest extends to politics. Formerly politics were taken very seriously in Marienthal. The best athlete of the Deutscher Turnverein commented sadly: "Formerly a man would not have dared to wear a Heimwehr emblem here! He would immediately have been beaten. Now it is quite different." At election time there is no longer any intense feeling. In the hotly contested national parliamentary election of April 24, 1932, the only demonstration in Marienthal was the destruction of a few posters. All the political organizations in Marienthal have lost from 30 to 60 per cent of their members. Finances play a small part in this defection because dues have been reduced to a minimum. It is significant, however, that by far the greatest proportion of those individuals who have retained their membership are still employed or, as students, have retained contact with the outside world. While this regression of political interest seems to be in conflict with the behavior of the people of Germany, it must be remembered that in Marienthal almost every man has the identical burden to bear.

Not all the organizations have suffered proportionate losses in membership. Some have actually grown. Chief among these is the cyclists' club. Since these people can no longer afford car fare, their bicycles remain their only mode of transportation. The Catholic kindergarten, Frohe Kindheit, has also shown a growth. However, the most significant growth, because it conflicts with the religious prejudices of many of the people, is that of the Social Democratic cremation society, Die Flamme. It is simply cheaper to be burned than buried.

Before the factory closed, a moment of free time was a precious thing in Marienthal. Since the women as well as the men were employed, it was necessary for them to do their housework at the conclusion of their work in the mill. Often they were forced to work half the night to keep their homes in order. Now all this is changed. These people are literally drowned in time. To the once busy workers the presentation of this leisure has been a tragic gift. Freed from the necessity of being punctual, or ever hurrying, time has lost its meaning. Nevertheless, a double conception of time prevails in Marienthal—one for the men, quite another for the women. In the case of the women, the necessity of caring for the children, preparing the meals, and doing the housework tends to keep them more closely in touch with reality. Although these women now have infinitely more time than when they were employed, the means at their disposal for keeping house are so much more restricted that

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even simple tasks take much longer than before. So much time has to be spent in devising ways to make the old things serve just a little longer. And there is the perennial question of what to cook and how to prepare it. But underlying everything is the fact that as a result of three years of malnutrition these women do not have the strength they had formerly.

The only person who was observed hurrying in Marienthal was the village fool. For hours men stand about the street, alone or in groups. They lean on house walls or the bridge railing. Many smoke pipes. They hold long aimless conversations. If a wagon passes, they raise their heads a little. One day at noon, when street traffic was at its height, the speed of movement of 100 pedestrians was timed. The average gait of the men was one and one-half miles per hour; the women moved slightly faster. Only six men, of the sixty-eight who were observed, walked to their destinations without stopping from one to three or more times. Only eighteen of these men carried watches. Thirty-one others had left theirs at home. The others did not own watches. Many of these men have lost the capacity to judge the passage of time. They cannot distinguish one hour from three. Their day has three points of orientation—getting up, the noon meal, going to bed. They can remember little else. If questioned, they will say: "I got up and presently it became midday. Then presently it was time to go to bed"—nothing more. If pressed to define this "presently," an individual can usually recall a few of the outstanding events of the day, such as washing the baby or feeding the rabbits. The great majority of its happenings have left no impress upon his memory. Any trifling stimulus may determine the course of his behavior for the ensuing hour. Often these men forget to come in for meals. Frau Lisl K. complained: "Now we have regular quarrels every noon because my husband can never be punctual, although earlier he was punctuality itself." The behavior of these men strikingly resembles that of decerebrate animals who respond only to immediate stimuli and in the intervals between stimuli lapse into a sort of stupor.

For more than two years, almost to the time of the investigation, the morale of the people of Marienthal was well maintained. The tradition of almost a century of employment as skilled artisans had instilled a certain pride in themselves which would not permit them to break down. This was demonstrated by a stubborn refusal to work in another mill, even when an opportunity offered, at a lower wage than they had received at Marienthal. They will work for a farmer for the equivalent of a few groschen a day, but this is not at their trade, and moreover, as they are nearly always paid in kind, the smallness of the remuneration is not so apparent. Furthermore, because these families have been neighbors for so many years and have intermarried to a considerable degree, there is evident a strong group solidarity.

However, as time passes and conditions do not improve or show any prospect of betterment, several factors conspire to undermine the morale of the people of Marienthal. Probably foremost among these is the realization that they are trapped; that they are in a prison without bars. There is no work for them in Marienthal, or, for that matter, in all Austria. Nor is there any place else for them to go. Nowhere are there jobs, and if there were, there is no money with which to travel. They recognize that they are helpless, that they must remain in Marienthal. Relentlessly the time approaches when they will no longer receive a dole, when, no longer eligible, they will have not even that meager income on which to depend. Meanwhile, their clothes become more worn, their household possessions are giving out, but there is no source from which they can be replaced. It is obvious to all of them that under present conditions it is useless for them even to hope.

This pessimism shows itself even in the children. Twelve-year-old Johann H. writes: "I wish to be either a flier, a submarine captain, an Indian hunter, or a mechanic. But I am very much afraid that I shall have great difficulty in finding a position! I hope that in the future I can have a care-free life. I feel so sorry when I see my parents and all the people in need suffer." Thirteen-year-old Mitzi M. writes: "I should like very much to become a seamstress, but I feel that I shall be unable to obtain a position and that I shall have nothing to eat."

The young men in Marienthal are rarely accompanied by the village girls of their own age. The girls have gone off with other young men from the neighborhood who are still employed and who can, in consequence, take them to dances or the cinema. Among the older women, regret at the closing of the mill is as much social as financial. Frau Wetti F., aged thirty-nine, voiced the almost universal plaint of these women: "If I could go again into the mill, it would be my most wonderful day. It is not only the money, but here in my four walls, so alone, I cannot live."

And inescapable is the fact that the health level of these people is continually sinking. As long as a man is employed in Austria, he has compulsory health insurance, but when he is without work, this protection ceases at once. If he becomes ill and has no money he receives no medical attention. Sporadically the Social Democratic organization sends a physician to Marienthal, but between his infrequent visits the people there are without medical service. If the sick die, the cremation society provides the funeral; if they do not, then they simply constitute an additional load on an already overburdened community.

But one recourse remains to the people of Marienthal—that is to attempt to reduce their requirements to the point where their incomes, no matter how small, will cover them. As they pass from unemployment relief to emergency help with its smaller remuneration, more and more of their wants must remain unsatisfied. There must be less food, of a poorer grade. Sugar must be eliminated entirely. The rent, although it amounts to only sixty cents a month, must be carefully hoarded. There can be no light at night. In the winter the family must remain a great part of the day in bed to conserve fuel. The only source of meat is an occasional cat or dog. When they finally become no longer eligible for any help, even necessities must be given up. Their demands must be constricted within a constantly narrowing circle.

The effect of this deprivation is noticeable in the children. So accustomed have they become to denying themselves everything that they have lost the capacity to wish. At Christmas 100 children were asked to prepare a list of the things which they would like to have if their parents were still employed. In this list the average value of *all* the items for which they wished, mostly practical or school requisites, amounted to 1.2 schillings. Ten per cent of the children questioned had received nothing at all for Christmas. Sixty-eight per cent received only necessities. The fact that 10 per cent were

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given nothing at all is highly significant because the custom of making presents to children at Christmas is very deep-rooted in Austria.

Dr. Lazarsfeld has classified the people of Marienthal in three groups in terms of their reactions to their circumstances. In the first group are those who do not seem to have been affected. These he calls "normal." In the second division are those who still make an effort to maintain themselves, even though they recognize its ultimate futility. These Dr. Lazarsfeld calls "resigned." The third category includes those who have simply abandoned the struggle. There is a limit beyond which it is impossible to economize. This he characterizes as the "zero" or "breaking-point." When an individual reaches this stage, he breaks. Some take to drink. Others run away. If the husband and not the wife breaks, she will usually maintain the home. When she breaks, the home collapses. The children are no longer cared for or sent to school; meals become irregular; housekeeping is neglected; every action is marked by a reckless irresponsibility. These individuals he classifies as "broken."

At the time of the investigation, December, 1931, Dr. Lazarsfeld estimated that only 19 per cent could be classified as "normal," 49 per cent as "resigned," and 32 per cent as "broken." Furthermore, the average monthly income for "normal" families he found to be 34 schillings, or $4.76; for "resigned" families, 30 schillings, or $4.20; and for "broken" families, 23 schillings, or $3.22. As more and more families are taken off the lists of those who may be helped, their incomes will fall to the level of those who have already broken. Whether or not all of these will break is problematical. From the trend of the past two years Dr. Lazarsfeld believes that most of them will.

What effect the reduction to despair and irresponsibility of large numbers of people will have upon the political fortunes of Central Europe, citing it as a single example, is quite unpredictable. However, Dr. Lazarsfeld thinks that it will be considerable. When people abandon nearly all the restraints which have marked their lives from childhood, when the social *mores* are no longer observed, their behavior can hardly be other than capricious. They are hungry. Their clothes are in rags. Their children are suffering. They themselves are half sick. A demagogue promises them food, shelter, work. Will they stop to analyze the validity of his program or the merits of his claim? Dr. Lazarsfeld doubts it. Rather, they will follow him, no matter how impossible his pretensions or how great a sacrifice on their part it entails.

If Marienthal were a single instance in an otherwise prosperous country, its plight would be pitiable but not profoundly significant. But Marienthal is not an isolated case. There are literally thousands of Marienthals in Central Europe alone. Even though a city or village may not be composed entirely of unemployed, every one has its quota of those without work. Dr. Lazarsfeld believes that probably many of these, too, are approaching the level of despair. Nothing exactly comparable to the present depression has ever faced Europe before. Therefore it is impossible to predict with certainty its final effects. Nevertheless, it seems almost inevitable that the people whom economic pressure has forced to the breaking-point and beyond will play some role in shaping the destinies of Europe. Whatever this role may be, one thing is certain: it will be dictated not by reason but by emotion.

In the Driftway

WORDS, words, words! Not merely the quantity of them but even more the shifting character of the flood fascinates the Drifter. Figures in regard to the increasing output of books and the expansion of newspapers are impressive, but fluctuations of vocabulary offer a subtler study. The rise of new words in this century, growing largely out of progress in science and technology, has been staggering. Mark Sullivan, in "Our Times," tells the sad story in this respect of the Oxford "New English Dictionary," which was begun about 1888 and designed to occupy forty years in the making. While the scholars were still at work on the letter "A," about 1893, the word "appendicitis" came into popular use, but too late to be included. Likewise while the learned jugglers with words were carrying on their cloistered labors with the letter "C," an innovation called the "cinema" stole in on them unawares, though later they grabbed it by the scruff of the neck and forced it into the dictionary under "K" as "kinema."

* * * * *

WHEN the dictionary was completed in 1928, the compilers were appalled to discover that while they had been at work, one new word had broken into the language for every ten old ones. So they set about a supplement, which doubtless will be followed by a supplement to the supplement, and so on. The supplement-makers were asked to include forty-three new words to describe various shades of women's stockings. They were conservative gentlemen who in the days when they were most concerned with women's stockings were able to discern only two colors, white and black, and they refused to introduce a new category. The supplement to "Webster's New International Dictionary," in 1929, contained 3,000 words that had come into accepted use between 1909 and 1927.

* * * * *

AS a rule people are more impressed by the advent of new words than by the disappearance of old ones. The average person's capacity for vocabulary is not highly elastic but fairly rigid, depending upon education, occupation, reading, and hobbies. A modern savant declared recently that 100 words would constitute a serviceable vocabulary, and the Drifter has a friend who maintains that a knowledge of four words gives one 60 per cent of the male conversation in Spanish-speaking countries. (No, the Drifter will not name the quartet.) However that be, it is probable that the addition of new words to the average vocabulary means the retirement of an equal number of old ones. It may be a long time before they are dropped from the dictionary or even labeled "Obs.," but that is because, unfortunately, this is an age in which construction outruns destruction and we don't half clean up our litter as we go along. Take the revolution worked by the automobile. We all can pop out a score of new words which it has made familiar, but we do not consider the old ones which it has rendered practically obsolete. A quarter of a century ago every country child, and many city children, could name all the important parts of a harness or a wagon, but how many grammar-school graduates today

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could define hames, crupper, breeching, blinders, traces, hip strap, pole, whiffle-tree, or describe a buckboard or a democrat wagon?

* * * * *

DIALECTS are supposed to be disappearing. In the matter of varied pronunciation doubtless this is a fact, but in regard to differences in vocabulary are we not merely shifting from a geographical to a vocational base? Residents of Boston, Mobile, St. Paul, and San Antonio may talk more alike than they used to, but railroad men, bond salesmen, baseball fans, bridge fiends, and similar groups seem each to be developing a specialized vocabulary more and more difficult for the outsider to comprehend. Webster (the cartoonist, not Noah) has seized on this tendency for a series of newspaper drawings on the theme, "He doesn't speak our language."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Students on Strike

[We print here three letters on the recent student strike at Commonwealth College which resulted in the withdrawal of thirty-three students. The college is run on a cooperative basis. The students work twenty hours a week on the school farm and pay a tuition of $120 a year. The teachers work fifteen hours a week and give their services in return for maintenance.

The first letter comes from one of the strikers. It was written while the strike was still in progress. The second is the reply of Lucien Koch, director of Commonwealth College. The third is a personal letter written by one of the students who did not strike to a friend in New York.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Commonwealth College, a radical, non-factional labor school near Mena, Arkansas, has frequently attracted considerable attention because its students and teachers work together on the campus-farm for their maintenance. At present thirty-four students of the college, or more than two-thirds of the entire student body, are on a scholastic and industrial strike, in protest against the expulsion of two of their leaders and against what they consider the non-cooperative attitude of the college administration. Six strikers were arrested on warrants of trespass sworn out against them by the administration. The case was suspended by a justice of the peace on condition that the two expelled students leave the grounds.

The two student leaders, Henry Forblade of Newark, New Jersey, and Jack Copenhaver of San Francisco were expelled after they had led a two months' fight for student representation on the Commonwealth College Association and for the right of students to self-discipline.

The trouble has been brewing for about a year and a half. It broke this quarter when the student body in a meeting denounced what they termed the dictatorial attitude of the association, and declared that such a body had no place in a radical labor school. At that time they demanded the right of self-discipline and student representation on the association. They also asked that steps be taken toward the admission of Negro students. The association refused to accede to any of these demands. However, when the students first threatened to strike, the association granted the right of self-discipline. This concession was looked upon by the students as a long step toward representation on the association, and all was comparatively quiet until Friday, December 2, when the association suddenly announced that Forblade and Copenhaver had been suspended. The students, on the assumption that the right of self-discipline included the right to pass on suspensions and expulsions, decided to strike if their leaders were not reinstated. After a meeting with the student committee, the association announced that the students would be given representation after Forblade and Copenhaver, whom it denounced as trouble-makers, had left. The students asked that the association reconsider. The association then announced that it would suspend action pending the decision of the Student Disciplinary Committee, consisting of five members elected by the student body.

The Student Disciplinary Committee decided that both Forblade and Copenhaver should remain at Commonwealth on probation and that student representation should be granted. This action, according to the leaders of the strike, was the only solution to the problem. The strike committee demanded that the association announce its final decision by half-past seven on Saturday evening. When the association did not answer, the time was extended to eight o'clock and a student delegation was sent to plead with the association that a decision be made. At eight o'clock the strike was called.

The striking students have elected a "strike committee" of five to direct the action of the group and are behaving in an orderly, disciplined fashion. They will not return, their committee has announced, until four conditions have been complied with. These are: (1) unconditional reinstatement of Forblade and Copenhaver; (2) a guaranty that both will be readmitted for the new quarter beginning January 3; (3) no discrimination against students taking part in the strike; and (4) adequate student representation on the association, which is the administrative board. In the meantime, all classes and unnecessary maintenance work have been stopped. The strike committee has taken complete charge of the school and the grounds, and according to its statement, will allow only necessary functions, such as cooking and food gathering, to be carried on. These functions will be performed by the striking students.

The students are spending their time singing radical songs, going on hikes, reading in the library, and attending student assemblies which are held about twice a day. Feeling is running high against the seventeen students who refused to answer the strike call. They are being called scabs, and mass picketing of classrooms and the farm is being employed to keep them from breaking the strike.

Mena, Ark., December 4 SAMUEL ROMER

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In fairness to your readers, I should state that I was off the campus during the time of the "student strike," which Mr. Romer attempts to explain as an active participant. However, I was in close touch with events leading up to the crisis and have since received detailed accounts from both sides.

The basic issue of the strike, now a thing of the past following the withdrawal of those who struck, was not student representation but an attempt to force the school to abandon its non-factional position and adopt the position of the Communist Party. That not all the strikers were Communists or even completely aware of the aims of the two students against whose suspension they protested is merely a testimonial to the clever strategy of the Communist group in bringing extraneous issues to the fore.

The strike was not a spontaneous outburst of student indignation but a well-planned move led by the two suspended students and going back many months. The "conspirators" naturally seized every opportunity to engender bitter feelings against the association of permanent members. Incoming students, a majority of the student body this fall, were "rushed" and filled

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with propaganda against the "bosses," who, incidentally, give their services without compensation except bare maintenance. With an ingenuity which might better have been exercised against some capitalist exploiter, they played upon the idealism and class loyalties of sincere but inexperienced youths, many of them but newly enrolled in the radical ranks.

The issue of students' participation in the management is no new one at Commonwealth, but has never been the occasion for serious friction before. The constitution of the Commonwealth College Association provides for student eligibility to membership after six quarters of attendance, and at various times a considerable proportion of the memberships have been held by students. Lately, on account of economic conditions, which make long attendance more difficult, the ratio of student members has become smaller, and plans have been under consideration for reducing the period for eligibility. Assuming good faith on the part of all in the community, there is no reason why the problem need be an insurmountable one.

The final straw was an organized attempt on the part of the "conspirators" to force the association to eliminate certain teachers whose political views did not square with the brand of Marxism held by the protesting students. This attempt was made despite the fact that the teacher upon whom the attack was centered was upheld by every member of his class and was teaching a subject which was not required.

Such unpleasant conduct being especially disruptive in a small educational community, isolated from urban contacts and dependent on its own social life, the association was finally compelled to accept the challenge. Its action consisted of suspending until the end of the quarter for "uncommunal behavior" the two Communist students who were chiefly responsible for the agitation.

Far from accepting the suspension, the two students remained on the campus for several days to create more dissension, whip up emotion, and play at revolution. The situation which had developed cannot be correctly understood without placing proper emphasis on the mass feeling created in a group which found a strike more exciting than studies and which, in this state of mind, was led to believe that the struggle was being waged over the rights of the group versus those of the association. The strikers, under orders of the "strike committee," broke locks of college buildings, picketed the office, the classrooms, the library, the workshop, the store, and other college buildings, and blocked the public mail highway, holding association members virtual prisoners. The college truck was put out of commission. A Communist Party member took over management of industrial work, and the strikers otherwise assumed control of the school.

To protect its educational plant, there was no course open to the association except to call in legal assistance. This was only done, however, after the insistent declarations of the two suspended students that they would leave under no other conditions. Charges against them were not pushed, after their departure to a hard-earned martyrdom. Their followers accompanied them, many of them reluctantly, but with no other course open to their pride.

The episode will undoubtedly be more difficult for the public to understand than for those who know the workings of our community—normally a delightful place but occasionally suffering from its concentrated but not thoroughly integrated varieties of radicalism. We feel very sorry that the followers of the Communist Party on the campus have not been content with their opportunity freely to propagandize their economic and political beliefs, which this school, with its prevailing "left" philosophy, was so willing to grant them. We merely objected to being mistaken for the capitalist system and made a target for Communist wrath.

Mena, Arkansas, December 13 LUCIEN KOCH

DEAR ——: I will try to give you a clear picture of the situation from my point of view. The two students that were expelled had been complaining all summer from what I heard. I had been here no more than a week when a student meeting was called. I was rather surprised to hear the students speak so disparagingly of the faculty and the association. These two boys seemed to be running the meeting. They succeeded by clever talking in getting a number of "demands" passed by the student body to be presented to the association. Some of them were as follows: get a Negro student into the school as soon as possible; abolish the ten o'clock curfew; demand 50 per cent student representation in the association; demand more student participation in outside labor activities; and several others. Some of these were more than justified, others dealt with problems about which we knew less than nothing. Of course we saw only one side of the question and voted that way. The boys were clever enough to include in these demands some changes that even we who had been here only a short while considered reasonable. I consider the ten o'clock curfew entirely unnecessary, and I was thoroughly in favor of more outside participation in labor struggles, but I was not in favor of 50 per cent representation on the association because even at that early date I saw that it was a move to get control of the school.

There was endless discussion which took up a huge amount of our time. There were meetings every two weeks protesting against all sorts of things. The amount of work done in the way of studies was just a big joke. The association realized this and decided it would be best for the school if the two boys left. The strike was called when the association suspended them. I opposed the strike for several reasons. As I saw it, it was a matter of either a successful strike—and as a result no college at all or a college controlled by the Communist Party—or a college run along the same lines as before and governed by the same body—which suited me better. In my first strike I was a scab. Was I justified?

Thirty-three students have left from almost pure emotion. I sincerely think that they will regret it before long.

A COMMONWEALTH STUDENT

Mena, Arkansas, December 10

50,000 Foreclosures

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It may interest your readers to know that according to the United States census of 1920 there were approximately 76,000 farm home-owners in North Dakota on January 1 of that year. Statistics taken this year show that about 50,000 of these farms have been lost by formal foreclosure since 1920. How many have been turned over to the mortgagees without any foreclosure proceedings is not known. If you add to the figure given above the number of farms lost through tax sales, you will realize that the farmers of North Dakota have been or soon will be reduced to tenantry.

Christine, N. D., December 12 O. S. GUNDERSON

Socialists and Progressives

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

For Norman Thomas and Gabriel Heatter to discuss the advisability of putting a false-face on the Socialist Party is close to nonsense. The important circumstance is that it is impossible for a progressive to support a Socialist hypothesis which he does not believe in or, perhaps, cannot understand; whereas a Socialist can support progressive measures which seem to him inadequate.

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In other words, the two can keep together only if the speed of the faster is adjusted to the gait of the slower.

Mr. Thomas can be understood to say that the Socialist vote was small because the discontent was too great. (In 1928, there was too little discontent.) He suggests that the vote which was counted for La Follette merely indicates exactly the right amount of discontent at that time. This analysis may be correct, but it is also possible that the fault is not in the stars but in the unwieldiness of socialism.

Bogota, N. J., December 12 JOSEPH NEVIN

"Hunger"—

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The first showing of the hunger-march film, produced by the Workers' Film and Photo League, with the collaboration of members of the League of Professional Groups, will be given Monday, January 2, at the Fifth Avenue Theater, Twenty-eighth Street and Broadway, New York, from 10 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. Besides being the only complete and uncensored film record of the hunger march, this three-reel picture represents an attempt to interpret and dramatize the conditions of destitution and misery out of which the hunger march arose.

The perversion and distortion of the facts by both the conservative press and the commercial newsreel companies has been little short of scandalous. At this première of "Hunger" members of the Writers' Committee who covered the hunger march for the League of Professional Groups will corroborate the film record by their personal reports as eyewitnesses. Among the speakers, one of whom will be present at each performance during the day, will be Malcolm Cowley, Michael Gold, Felix Morrow, Edward Dahlberg, and Robert Cantwell.

New York, December 21 JAMES RORTY
League of Professional Groups

Contributors to This Issue

JOHN DEWEY is the chairman of the League for Independent Political Action.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

DOUGLAS HASKELL has contributed articles on architecture to the *Studio, Creative Art,* the *New Republic,* and other publications.

ANITA BRENNER is the author of "Idols Behind Altars."

S. K. RATCLIFFE, British publicist and lecturer, is a regular contributor to the London *Spectator.*

LUDWIG LORE was formerly editor of the New York *Volkszeitung.*

ROBERT N. MCMURRY is doing graduate work at the University of Vienna under the auspices of the Austro-American Student Exchange.

ERNEST BOYD is one of the editors of the *American Spectator.*

J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO is professor of history at the College of the City of New York.

CLAUDIUS MURCHISON is professor of economics at the University of North Carolina.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL is research director of the Foreign Policy Association.

GERALD SYKES contributes fiction and reviews to various periodicals.

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Books, Drama, Films

Literary Journalism

Titans of Literature. By Burton Rascoe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75.

QUOTING a famous passage from Bernard Shaw, Mr. Rascoe takes the words out of his reviewer's mouth. "Nevertheless, journalism is the highest form of literature; for all the highest literature is journalism." There has always been a certain snobbery in the acceptance or rejection of the word "journalist," evaded in the characteristic American manner by describing a "journalist" as a "newspaperman." If my ear had not been long since attuned to the euphemisms of American pseudo-elegance, or pseudo-democracy, I should, naturally, have assumed that a "newspaperman" was a man whose trade it was to sell newspapers, but the American pseudo-euphemism covers a multitude of plain facts. By any other name, however sweet, a journalist is a journalist, and Mr. Shaw was right when he faced that fact and decided he was a journalist.

"The writer," in Shaw's own words, "who aims at producing the platitudes which are 'not for this age, but for all time'" is not a journalist; he may be something more; he is usually something less. Mr. Rascoe, in this Great Republic of newspapermen, is that unique phenomenon, a literary journalist. He has, that is to say, as keen an interest in literature as the average newspaperman has in booze, baseball, and the platitudes of politicians; he can make literature as lively a news topic as the usual sport and political bilge which newspapers and their newspapermen delight to honor; and he can, at the same time, render real service to literature and its unfortunate victims. When Mr. Rascoe edited the literary supplement of the New York *Tribune,* that overgrown village actually witnessed a first-rate literary journalist at work. Needless to say, that did not last very long. Mr. Rascoe failed to dish up the platitudes meant for all time as if they were the latest news. He was—apparently—a bad newspaperman. But he was a superb journalist.

In the interval since his departure from the *Tribune,* Mr. Rascoe has lived in comparative retirement in one of those suburbs which can be more conveniently reached by the New York, New Haven and Hartford than through the fastnesses of the Pennsylvania Station, Long Island side, and he has produced, as a result of his meditations, a book which admirably expresses himself and his attitude toward literature. In a sense, "Titans of Literature" is another "Outline of Philosophy," save for the fact that Mr. Durant has never, I imagine, sent anybody to the original works of the writers of whom he speaks, whereas Mr. Rascoe's heresies and enthusiasms are designed to provoke an immediate response to the authors whom he discusses. For the accepted figures of world literature he does in this volume what he did editorially on the *Tribune* for the literature of the world.

Homer, Sophocles, Virgil, Dante, Boccaccio, Rabelais, Villon, Montaigne, Cervantes, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Voltaire, Milton, De Foe, Goethe, Byron, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Verlaine, Dickens, Shelley, Flaubert, Whitman, Poe, Dostoievski, Tolstoi, Mark Twain, Anatole France, and George Moore are the "titans" about whom Mr. Rascoe discourses, not in chronological order, but in the order I have named. One notes at once that this is both an arbitrary and a conventional selection. One even notes that Mr. Rascoe must have read his Russians in French, since Dostoevsky and Tolstoy are the standard and now accepted spellings of those names in the definitive English editions of their work. One notices that he does not know the meaning of the Italian word *commedia,* and at certain points one longs to impart information which is, of course, available in every textbook. For example:

In the chapter on Anatole France he writes: "Some of the questions left unanswered by those who have written about France were: (1) To whom was France first married, what was she like, how long did the marriage last? . . . (2) When did France first meet Madame de Caillavet . . .?" In a book indorsed by Mr. Rascoe I read this about his first wife: "Valérie Guérin came from too good a family; Anatole France, like his hero, Professor Bergeret, was later made to suffer from his wife's pride of birth. She was the granddaughter of the painter Guérin, celebrated for his miniatures of Marie Antoinette. Valérie Guérin was a lovely blonde, with very beautiful hands and feet." And the same author states that "Madame de Caillavet first met France in 1883," and that the earlier marriage, which occurred in 1877, terminated in a divorce in 1893. In his chapter on Milton Mr. Rascoe not only assumes, erroneously, that he is the first to blaspheme against the sanctified reputation of that eminent bore, but in a list of the sources from which Milton stole his concept of "Paradise Lost" he omits the "Carmen Paschale" of Sedulius, which antedated by more than one hundred and fifty years the "Adamo Canuto" of Salandra, which is given as the source of Milton's epic. Nor is there any mention of Dracontius, Victor, and Avitus, three Latin poets who flourished at the close of the fifth century, whose work, together with that of Sedulius, was shown by the Irish scholar, Dr. George Sigerson, to be the *fons et origo* of Milton's "Paradise Lost." In what is presumably a reference to Kuno Meyer, Mr. Rascoe rashly ascribes the Irish literary renaissance to "a spark ignited by a German scholar," when that spark was ignited by a group of Dublin students of Gaelic.

I remember that when H. G. Wells published his "Outline of History," the current gibe was that if one knew nothing of biology, one thought he was a great biologist, but if one knew a lot about biology, one thought he must be a great historian. In other words, the specialist can always detect flaws and decided errors in works of a comprehensive character written by a non-specialist in any of the fields covered. I have not examined "Titans of Literature" in that spirit. The few points I have raised merely jumped to the eye of a casual observer. But what also jumped to my eye was the charming vitality of Mr. Rascoe's interest in all literature, his obvious belief that great books are alive and of thrilling interest, that they should not be left to the dead hands of the professors, whose delight it is to champion the great and the mediocre alike, provided they are dead.

In this connection Mr. Rascoe's onslaught on the Romans, the dreariest bores in recorded history, and their dreary literature should be read by all intelligent youngsters. As Mr. Rascoe insists, the greatest Latin writers are not the pets of the pedagogues—Cicero, Vergil, and those other horrors of schooldays—but Petronius, Horace, Catullus, and Propertius. He might, I think, have added Tacitus and Lucretius, who certainly deserve all the attention wasted upon Livy, Ovid, Vergil, and Cicero. He rightly points out that Greek was the cultured language, and that if one must read an epic it is better to go to the Greek original than to the stilted Latin copy; that there is nothing anywhere in Latin comparable to Aristophanes, Thucydides, Aeschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Herodotus; that even Xenophon was never so dull, despite his parasangs, as Caesar, with his ablative absolutes. If one classical language, and only one, must be taught, for heaven's sake let it be the civilized, subtle, charming, and beautiful language of the Greeks, not the Western Unionese of the super-Babbitts who divided Gaul into three parts.

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In the course of his five hundred pages—or nearly so—Mr. Rascoe touches on topics too numerous to be commented upon in a brief article. Even when his scholarship is unimpeachable, no pedant will approve, because he bases his likes and dislikes upon personal human emotions, and not upon the theory of what is and what is not the right thing. I have always denied that literature can be "taught," but a mind inclined toward books can be guided by those who have enjoyed the kind of experience of literature which is infectious. That has, fortunately for Mr. Rascoe and his readers, been the kind of experience which prompted the writing of "Titans of Literature," and I can think of nothing better for a bookish youngster than to be presented with this book. Those of us who, like the author, managed to emerge from the grasp of the professors with our appetite for reading whetted and our desire for heretical enthusiasm stimulated, will turn his pages with an indulgent and often tender smile. It is good to be reminded of the kind of literary talk which sent one in pursuit of books.

It is not the kind of talk which sets one gerund-grinding or cramming facts to answer examination papers. It is the kind of talk that compels one to read or to reread, and to see in the grammarians' funeral the living reality of literary art.

ERNEST BOYD

The Age of Reason

The Heavenly City of the Eighteenth-Century Philosophers. By Carl L. Becker. Yale University Press. $2.

WHENEVER Professor Becker writes a book, it is always the product of years of study and reflection. This volume of essays consists of an analysis of the intellectual movement in the eighteenth century, with special reference to the French *philosophes*. Professor Becker is that rare historian who both knows his facts and sees their significance—for us. The thoughtful reader, if he be of the liberal persuasion, can do no better than to read this keen analysis of the creed which became the battle cry of the intellectuals of the eighteenth century.

Every age, according to Professor Becker, has its "climate of opinion," which is denoted by certain "key words." In the eighteenth century, the Age of Reason, the key words were Nature, First Cause, Reason, Humanity, "without which no enlightened person could reach a restful conclusion." In sharp contrast was the "climate of opinion" that came down from the Middle Ages, whose key words were God, Sin, Grace, Salvation. The *leitmotif* of Professor Becker's book is that the underlying preconceptions of eighteenth-century thought were still essentially the same as those of the thirteenth century, that the philosophers "demolished the Heavenly City of St. Augustine only to rebuild it with more up-to-date materials."

Now what were the up-to-date materials? At the foundation was the worship of Nature which the new builders substituted for the worship of God. And they looked into the Book of Nature with the same feelings of finality for a revelation of its laws as those with which the theologian looked into the Bible for a revelation of the Divine Will. Having "denatured God they deified Nature," which became the test and standard of all things. What was new was merely a new dogmatism. Despite their surface cynicism the philosophers were men of faith, with "an eager didactic impulse to set things right." They transformed the Christian ideal of service into a passion for social and political reform. By means of Locke's sensation theory they rationalized the Christian will to believe into the conviction that men could, by using their natural faculties, deliberately bring their ideas and their conduct into harmony with the universal natural order.

All these views, according to the author, have no place in the modern climate of opinion, which is "factual rather than rational." It is dominated by history and science, not by abstract principles and logical reasoning. In an especially illuminating chapter on the New History Professor Becker explains that the eighteenth century was not anti-historical, as is commonly supposed. On the contrary, the philosophers of the period were very much interested in history, in which they did pioneer work, as witness Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" and Voltaire's "Essai sur les moeurs." But they studied history with a purpose, and that purpose was "to discover the constant and universal principles of human nature," and to establish "rights suitable to man's nature on the facts of human experience." They did not study history because they loved the past, or because they saw the present as a continuation of the past, or because they were inspired by a disinterested love of truth. Finding that the light of reason was not completely satisfactory, they sought to supplement it by the light of experience.

What became of the Heavenly City built by the philosophers of the eighteenth century? Like its predecessor, the City of God, it betrayed the hopes of its prophets. When the principles of the French Revolution finally triumphed, "it was obvious that the abolition of the old oppressions and inequalities had done little more than make room for new ones."

Professor Becker's criticism of the philosophers of the eighteenth century is penetrating and suggestive. What makes his book especially attractive is that its pages are flavored with wit, sometimes kindly and sympathetic, sometimes subtly disdainful. The reviewer could not help reflecting upon a number of pertinent questions that came to his mind as he read this stimulating little volume. What made the "climate of opinion" in eighteenth-century France in which the *philosophes* flourished so luxuriantly? Did they just issue from the loins of Newton, Locke, and Descartes? Was the dogma of Natural Rights merely an abstract theory, or was it a battle cry of a class interest? Why this passionate interest in "man in general"? Was it not a manner of protesting against the feudal caste system?

J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO

Portrait of a Lady

Ellen Terry's Memoirs. With a Preface, Notes, and Additional Biographical Chapters by Edith Craig and Christopher St. John. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75.

ELLEN TERRY'S memoirs were first published in 1908 under the title "The Story of My Life." A few persons recognized the high literary quality of her autobiography, among them Max Beerbohm, but in general the book was passed over rather lightly by the critics, who, if they expressed anything, expressed surprise that an actress should be literate at all. Not until the Shaw-Terry letters were published in 1931 did it become plain to a number of persons that Ellen Terry was not only an actress but a writer of parts. After the success of that lovely book, her son, Gordon Craig, angry at Shaw and his sister, Edith Craig, for permitting the letters to be published, published in turn "Ellen Terry and Her Secret Self," in spite of the fact that after he was grown he spent very little time with his mother and as a consequence her secret self might not have been entirely revealed to him.

The present book consists of the original memoirs with copious notes at the end of each chapter, adding details which Ellen Terry was too generous to add, and explaining what needed to be explained. The biographical chapters at the end give an account of her last years, when keeping a diary was no longer possible to her, and of her death. And finally there

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is a rather full account of the brother-and-sister controversy over the publication of Ellen Terry's writings, which is not without interest. Airing family linen in public, even when it is only slightly unfresh, is amusing enough if it is done with spirit.

But on the whole I rather think that Ellen Terry would not have been amused. She would have been interested least in the world in having justice done to herself; and it is not improbable that she would have grieved to see her children quarreling over her. It is a tribute to the present book that one feels so confident of what sort of woman she was, and of what she would have felt about this or any other controversy over herself. In her diary once she wrote a sentence about her interpretation of Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing": "She must be always merry and by turns scornful, tormenting, vexed, self-communing, absent, melting, teasing, brilliant, indignant, sad-merry, thoughtful, withering, gentle, humorous, and gay . . . a gallant creature and complete in mind and body." The last phrase could serve very well for an epitaph to Ellen Terry. Gallantry was certainly her first virtue; but generosity was a close second. If there was a trace of malice in her mind or her heart, it is not evident in her memoirs; she shows herself almost completely free from vanity, and certainly without a trace of the self-love that would make her cherish a grudge, even when a grudge was richly deserved. She could say: "I have the simplest faith that absolute devotion to another human being means the greatest happiness." And she found many persons to whom she could be absolutely devoted.

With this character, Ellen Terry may be followed through her industrious, brilliant career. It is plain that she had a mind—her notes on Henry Irving alone would testify to it; it is amply plain that she had a heart; it is evident, from the word of hundreds of her admirers, that she had a unique grace and an irresistible warmth and beauty; and to read her day-by-day account of her life is to know that she could write as well as act supremely well. This is an altogether charming book about a woman who herself was altogether charming.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

The Capitalistic Labyrinth

A Guide Through World Chaos. By G. D. H. Cole. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75.

AS a seasoned dissenter, Mr. Cole might well have packed this volume with "I told you so's," and filled it to the brim with vitriol and evangelism. But he has actually given us a treatise which strives only for utter clarity of understanding. The choice was wise. From it has come a truly remarkable demonstration of the power that lies in calmness and restraint.

Mr. Cole attains his objective by doing six things well. He portrays the personality of capitalism, identifying those traits which may be said to be inherent, and which give to its behavior a certain inevitableness. Accompanying this is a description and analysis of certain pivotal institutions, such as banking systems, holding companies, and cartels, which lend themselves to the accentuation of capitalistic tendencies. The picture then broadens to reveal world economic unity through the machinery and operation of international economic activities. The war is placed in its true perspective, not as a major origin of our troubles, but as an accentuating episode. The Russian experiment is given scientific consideration, and finally there are placed before us the various alternatives from which we must choose our future course.

No conservative could award to capitalism more convincingly than does Mr. Cole the tribute which it deserves for the achievements of the past hundred years. It has, indeed, done too well.

> Modern industrialism by its very nature aims not at a static and balanced perfection, but at a constant movement from one victory to another. . . . It cannot stand still; but neither can it, even for a moment, wish to stand still. A static condition is fatal to it, because it is always being urged on by its own successive discoveries to production on a larger and larger scale, to an unending expansion of markets.

But eventually a point is reached when these forces, no longer having new grist to feed upon, recoil upon themselves, producing havoc internally, creating artificial trade barriers and intolerable rivalries between countries, and finally destroying the internationalism which they have built up and upon which they have flourished. Capitalism as we have it, therefore, is to be defended only as an intermediate stage in man's economic development. Though theoretically it might be reconstructed into a continuous blessing, Mr. Cole sees neither the will nor the means by which that can be done.

The cosmopolitan character of Mr. Cole's analyses is nowhere better illustrated than in his discussion of unemployment. The problem is not approached from the standpoint of group distress, but from that of national and international stability. There must be a progressive reduction of the working day to maintain employment and purchasing power in the interest of all, and through such a policy a country is not only protecting its own standards, but making the best possible contribution to the welfare of other nations.

To many the greatest value of the book will lie in the clarity with which it reveals the true nature of international economic relationships. The utmost concession is made to realism by dealing separately with the special situation of each country. It is in international relationships that the most poisonous concentrates of the war were deposited. Each of these poisons is adequately analyzed: the maldistribution of gold, the unstable currencies, the depreciated exchanges, the widening circle of debts, the raising of tariff walls by debtor countries to maintain the payments balance, the same procedure in creditor countries but for a different purpose—to keep out the deluge of goods precipitated by their own investments and loans—all ending in a hopeless impasse, with trade itself smothered under the debris of high finance.

The Russian experiment might be expected to receive fervid indorsement from one known to be predisposed to socialistic tendencies. Yet Russian organizations and policies receive the same cool and precise treatment as does the British banking system. The grandeur of the Soviet objective, the steadfastness of the underlying determination, the details of procedure, are clearly portrayed; but there is no minimizing of the awkwardnesses, the all-too-frequent mistakes, the planned ruthlessness, and such cold-blooded brutality as that which characterized the treatment of the kulaks.

Despite the inherent weaknesses of capitalism, Mr. Cole exhibits no great confidence in an early resort to socialism. The various countries are in different stages of readiness for economic change. Hence the most that can be done is to attempt to determine the unique composite of probabilities in each situation. The United States, lacking a powerful, unified labor group and a strong Socialist Party, but possessed of a vast army of petty tradesmen and technicians, having virtually unlimited natural resources and the traditions of individualism, offers no opportunity for communism. It is more likely to veer to a form of fascism. With slight reservations the same may be said of France. As regards England and Germany—but a review cannot substitute for the book, especially when the book happens to be the best of a comprehensive character that the depression has produced.

CLAUDIUS MURCHISON

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Sanctions for Peace

Can America Stay at Home? By Frank H. Simonds. Harpers and Brothers. $3.

WITHOUT arguing the question, Mr. Simonds flatly tells us that the answer is No, America cannot stay at home. He then proceeds with a devastating analysis of our foreign policy since the war to show that the United States has failed to understand the implications of its international position. In the first place, the American government has attempted to satisfy those who wish to retain the immunities of isolation and also those who wish to derive material gain from the newly established financial supremacy of this country. We have insisted upon keeping the high tariff, but also upon collecting the war debts and booming our export trade. By lending its unofficial support to the Dawes plan, the Coolidge Administration made it possible during a few years for Europe to borrow enough money in Wall Street to pay its debt to Washington; but the eventual result of this and other similar policies was the international depression, which made necessary the Hoover moratorium.

Secondly, Mr. Simonds stresses the fact that the United States has attempted to force its particular brand of "peace" upon other countries without understanding the complicated nature of international politics. To our innocent souls peace is a matter of good morals rather than of good economics or politics. When Europe refuses to take seriously our remedies, such as the Fourteen Points, the Kellogg Pact, and the Hoover disarmament proposal, we call Europe wicked. What we fail to realize is that unlike the United States, which has never been in danger of any attack, the European states live in deadly insecurity, and until international cooperation removes this feeling of insecurity they will cling to their arms. This inability to understand a fundamental principle in world politics has unwittingly caused the United States government to follow a consistently anti-French policy since the war. When the United States trumpets forth a demand that the world disarm, it really invites France to renounce its present superiority over other nations, but it does not give France any assurance that the disgruntled states of Europe will not take advantage of such a renunciation to tear up any international agreement which they dislike. Mr. Simonds may not put his thesis in exactly this language; but fundamentally his whole book is an argument in favor of the principle of international sanctions. Concretely, he proposes that the United States attempt to place force back of the anti-war pact and the League Covenant by agreeing for a five- or ten-year period to apply economic sanctions against any aggressor which refuses to evacuate invaded territory.

Simply written, with a minimum of detail, this book should attract many readers having little knowledge of international affairs. Valuable as it is from this standpoint, it suffers from the faults inherent in oversimplification. For example, the author's criticism of the Washington Conference is too drastic, largely because he fails to consider what the results might have been had the conference not convened. Moreover, while, admittedly, international sanctions are of fundamental importance, no system of sanctions can achieve its purpose unless it forms part of a wider organization which provides for the obligatory settlement of international disputes as they arise and for the gradual removal of such underlying causes as tariffs, war debts, maldistribution of raw materials, unjust boundaries, and mistreated minorities. Until the world is ready to attack such problems from a really international point of view, no agreement providing merely for sanctions will keep the peace.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

Ex-Modernist

The Second Common Reader. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

THE interest which has awaited "The Second Common Reader" is different from that which awaited its predecessor. In the seven years that have passed since the appearance of her first volume of essays the critical role of Mrs. Woolf has changed. Originally she was regarded as a spokesman for some decidedly up-to-date tendencies. Not only did the public delight in her charming biographical skits; it sought her opinion on "the Russian point of view," on the insufficiencies of Bennett and Galsworthy, above all on the state of present-day letters. The first "Common Reader" closed with a paper called How It Strikes a Contemporary. "The Second Common Reader" closes with a paper called How Should One Read a Book? Right there we have the difference between the two volumes. And the public has been unconsciously growing aware of a transformation in Mrs. Woolf's status. No one regards her now as the champion of a new movement; instead, she is already beginning to be seen as one of a long line of quite orthodox belletrists and bibliophiles. When she refers by name to "English literature"—which she does in these essays with remarkable frequency—it is in a tone that a Catholic might use in referring to the church. No one could justly accuse her of being academic, but it can be said definitely that her critical standards are bookish. Twice, as though it were some sacred vessel, she imagines the Elizabethans discussing "the future of English poetry." I can speak with no authority in the matter, to be sure, but it seems more likely to me that the Elizabethans were without the reverence she would give them for the printed word. In fact, I believe that she has exposed here, slight though the instance, a rather naive and revealing misconception. The Elizabethan poets, naturally, took a passionate interest in the development of their art, but to bestow upon them retroactively that holy awe for literature which crowded shelves have brought, unfortunately, to some of us today is only too plainly the mistake of an imagination that was nurtured in the library. If the Elizabethans had felt this awe, needless to say, they would have been belletrists, not poets. And those who feel it today may produce a diverting kind of book talk, but not the best kind of criticism.

Mrs. Woolf's manner needs no description now. "The Second Common Reader" contains book talk of the highest order. It has that thing which sometimes seems all but vanished from the earth, good breeding. Passing chronologically through English literature from Donne's day to Hardy's (no living writers and no foreigners are discussed), we enjoy the refinement of one who is a lady both by birth and nature. Her polished, amiable book offers fireside pleasures which in this rude day the most apostolic opponent of archaism cannot altogether resist.

GERALD SYKES

Shorter Notices

Carlyle. By Louis Cazamian. Translated by E. K. Brown. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

Professor Cazamian's biographical and critical monograph on Carlyle appeared originally shortly before the Great War and did not at the time receive the recognition it deserved. But in the intervening years it has not been lost to sight. Judicious students of the subject have remembered and consulted it; and now in an excellent English translation by Professor E. K. Brown it should penetrate into a wider circle of readers in this

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country. It is an exceptionally well-ordered and lucid study, marked by two qualities in particular—an unerring instinct for the proper emphasis and an ability to relate the facts of Carlyle's life to the development of his thought. No side of his achievement is ignored, and the pages devoted to his literary criticism, his historical writings, his social creed, and his metaphysic are all equally good. In recent years there have been several excellent studies of Carlyle; Professor Cazamian's bears comparison with any of them. It is true that in several particulars more might have been said in the way of adverse criticism; but of studies hostile to Carlyle there are enough. This book is the work of a critic and biographer in sympathy with his subject.

Flesh of the Wild Ox. By Carleton S. Coon. William Morrow and Company. $2.75.

Mr. Coon went to the Rif before Abd El Krim had been caught and caged by the French, and while the fighting was still going on. His more formal report of his findings has been printed elsewhere under a numeral in a series of scientific studies of African life. For this more popular presentation Mr. Coon uses a unique and very valuable method. It is not fiction but it approaches fiction in immediacy and tempo. It selects a typical tribesman, sketches in his racial and family background, and follows him and his family through a representative Riffian lifetime. Thus ethnological data are made living facts by being embodied in personalities in whom we can become interested. The method is essentially the same as that used in those excellent films, "Grass," "Moana," "Nanook of the North," and "Chang." The success of the book, however, does not lie entirely in its method. Mr. Coon happens to have a talent for lively narration in a vivid, interesting style. It is a little terrifying to think of what a true dry-as-dust scholar would produce if he followed this valuable but perilous method.

Flight of the Swan: A Memory of Anna Pavlova. By André Olivéroff. E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.

In 1916, when Anna Pavlova was in New York reorganizing her company for a six months' engagement at the Hippodrome, she signed on a young American of seventeen from Montclair, New Jersey, and gave him the stage name of André Olivéroff, unwittingly attaching a memoirist to her staff. For more than a decade he toured in her troupe, during the later years as first classical dancer. His long association with Pavlova entailed no disillusions; from first to last his admiration for her artistry and personality remained unchanged. "She seemed to you to be at once the most completely womanly being you had ever seen and yet never quite, never exclusively, human. She was aloof in the special sense that she had so projected her genius into her art that it was almost as though she, the woman, had now become but a symbol of that greater self which was her dancing." Because they are based on knowledge both of dancing technique and of the everyday life of Pavlova, Mr. Olivéroff's eulogies impress one not as empty rhapsodies, but as sincere tributes from one artist to another. He gossips entertainingly about his fellow-dancers and describes many of the company's adventures on the road. The book is worth reading for its subject matter as well as for its charm.

Oliver's Secretary. John Milton in an Era of Revolt. By Dora Neill Raymond. Minton, Balch and Company. $3.50.

In the choice of the main title, "Oliver's Secretary," Dr. Raymond gives an impression that she probably does not desire and that her book certainly does not merit. For although in several places she draws insufficiently established inferences for dramatic effect, she shows clearly that she has mastered a large body of intricate learning and, what is unfortunately more rare, that she has attempted and, in large measure, attained a complete and just interpretation of her material. Dr. Raymond stresses the middle period of Milton's life, the period of his passionate defense of liberty—ecclesiastical, domestic, and political. She keeps her subject always in true perspective, never saying or suggesting that he was the greatest statesman or social thinker of the day but always aware of his actual influence. For this reason her biography neatly complements the recent study by Tillyard. Dr. Raymond's sane and thorough analysis of Milton's political and social ideas balances Tillyard's acute and philosophical literary interpretations. This volume helps greatly in making the present detractors of Milton look even more like the menagerie listed in the angry sonnet on the divorce tracts.

The Victorian Sunset. By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. William Morrow and Company. $3.50.

In "Those Earnest Victorians" Mr. Wingfield-Stratford traced the transition of England from an agrarian to a manufacturing nation. He gave us no mere chronicle of legislative landmarks; the story was told in terms of the changes in manners, morals, and art, as well as in politics, and this subject matter seemed to tempt Mr. Wingfield-Stratford into a brash flipness of style that belied the scholarship and insight of the work. The present volume, a sequel, traces the transition from the England of 1870 to the England that was ripening for the war and economic debacle. It is an even more scholarly and incisive book than its predecessor, but is marked by an even more irritating flipness. When, however, one has discounted—one cannot forgive—this rather silly effect of the author's exaggerated fear of pedantry, one has a most penetrating account of the last years of the English nineteenth century—a skilful and balanced synthesis of the trivial and the momentous.

The Road to Repeal. By Joseph Percival Pollard. Brentano's. $2.

All the amendments to the federal constitution have been ratified by the State legislatures. The alternative method of ratification by special conventions has never been employed. Mr. Pollard, inspired by the pending repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, now pleads for the long-neglected method of submission to conventions. Unfortunately, however, he treats the question involved as one of constitutional mysticism rather than political expediency. Repeating Judge Clark's arguments at length, he hails that jurist as an intrepid hero for holding the Eighteenth Amendment unconstitutional because it was not submitted to conventions for ratification. To discredit the State legislatures, he attempts to prove that their members are usually of very low mental caliber, which may be true, but it does not follow from this that they would now defeat repeal. Moreover, as against the legislatures, Mr. Pollard exalts the judiciary as the champion of the popular will! Actually the Supreme Court has invalidated State statutes intended to secure expressions of the popular will before ratification by the State legislatures. On all the really interesting questions of expediency Mr. Pollard is practically silent. Special ratifying conventions constitute a very clumsy and expensive mode of procedure, hardly advisable unless in exceptional circumstances.

Fall of the Inca Empire. By Philip Ainsworth Means. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.50.

In his "Ancient Civilizations of the Andes" Mr. Means described the remarkable culture which reached its culminating point politically in the amazing empire of the Incas, perhaps the most efficient imperial organization the world has ever seen, superior to the Roman in the fact that it imposed not only military but economic order upon its inhabitants. The subject of the present volume is the overthrow of this empire by the Spanish invasion and the institution of the rickety Spanish

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colonial structure in its place. It is on the whole an unpleasant story. The conquistadors were unquestionably heroic men, but other qualities were needed to administer an empire. Under Spanish rule the Andes lands exhibited a steady retrogression. The Indian population declined under the merciless exploitation of the conquerors; the Latin civilization that had been introduced was languid. The evil results are evident to this day. A small upper class lives on the labor of the Indians, who have been reduced to the small comfort that narcotics can give them. Mr. Means writes brilliantly without sacrificing the virtues of scholarship, but his conclusion—that a paternalistic attitude toward the Indians would be the solution of their problems—seems superficial. Mere economic justice might go far toward restoring to this race something of the maturity it showed in the remarkable cultures created before the Spanish invasion.

[In the notice of G. S. Ghurye's "Caste and Race in India" in *The Nation* of December 21, 1932, there was a slip that should be obvious to those acquainted with the politics of India but that ought to be corrected for the benefit of those not so well informed. In speaking of the untouchables, the notice said that Dr. Ghurye agrees "in the main with Gandhi . . . that it would be advisable to separate them politically from the mass of Hinduism." The statement should be "that it would be inadvisable . . ."—Editors The Nation.]

Drama

Π in the Sky

"THE RED PLANET" (Cort Theater) is full of Big Ideas. It begins in the laboratory of a young scientist who thinks that he is receiving messages from Mars, but before the evening is over interplanetary communication is no miracle at all by comparison with some of the other things which have happened. The world gets religion again; a Prime Minister announces in Parliament that he is going to supplant the gold standard with the Golden Rule; and crowds of unemployed march through the streets singing "Onward Christian Soldiers." Stock markets had tumbled and empires had trembled when the first of the alleged messages seemed to promise the secret of atomic energy and thus to give the final coup to a world already nearly destroyed by its technical achievements. But soon the mysterious communicant refused out of his wisdom to supply any more scientific information. Messages awesomely reminiscent of the Sermon on the Mount began to come instead, and the world, which had crucified its own Savior, consented to take its direction from the prophet on Mars.

Much of the play is ingenious enough. I myself was, for instance, interested by the preliminary test applied to the supposed Martians when one of the assembled experimenters suggested that they see what would happen when the signal 3.1415 was transmitted—the idea being, of course, that if the Martians had invented wireless they would certainly know all about that continuing decimal which represents the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter. Sure enough, the next number—namely, nine—comes promptly back, and thus it is demonstrated that there *is* pi in the sky—which phrase, indeed, with a slight change of spelling, might be made to state the main thesis of the drama. Stern logicians might object that only a happy accident could explain the fact that the Martians employ, like us, the wholly arbitrary convention of a decimal system. Even waiving such quibbles, it must be confessed that the play grows less credible as it goes on, and that, if the truth is to be told, it is not very good. Despite its ingenuity and despite

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an elaborately skilful production, it becomes, like "Wings over Europe," exasperatingly pat, and for at least two reasons it fails really to convince.

The first of these reasons is that ingenuity is not enough for such a theme. It may serve very well when nothing more momentous than the solution of a murder mystery is concerned, but the salvation of the world is a large order, and something more than a neat little formula is necessary if we are to believe it possible. A great poet might dare to handle the theme. He might hypnotize us with his eloquence and his passion, and he might, conceivably, sweep us off our feet. But it is only ecstasy which can make salvation seem possible, and ecstasy cannot be generated by anything so mechanical as a fantastic melodrama.

It is also unfortunately true that no very convincing reasons are given to explain why humanity should suddenly decide to live by the Golden Rule, or why its new faith should be so much more effective than the old. For at least 1,500 years the vast majority of Western men believed that that rule had been laid down by a very personal God who promised eternal bliss to all who would follow it. Yet the most literal and absolute belief was insufficient to hold in check the natural appetites, and it is difficult to see how a modern's faith in his Martian prophet could be any more complete or effective than the faith which history has already shown to be not nearly enough.

It is not, however, really necessary to bring in such subtle considerations in order to explain why "The Red Planet" fails to achieve its ambitious intentions. The fact that the imagination of the author is by no means up to it is quite sufficient. The idea is one of those ideas which sound stunning if they are suggested late at night by one playwright to another. But like most of such it does not work out any too well, and what ought to be sublime is only rather irritatingly glib.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

ALICE IN WONDERLAND. Civic Repertory Theater. It will fascinate children and adults alike by the reality of its unreality and the sense of its nonsense.

ANOTHER LANGUAGE. Booth Theater. Hilarious perennial exposing almost anybody's family.

BIOGRAPHY. Guild Theater. An intelligent and sinewy comedy about what happens when a cultivated woman of the world tries to choose between a pompous opportunist and an unmanageable idealist.

CRIMINAL AT LARGE. 48 St. Theater. Exciting and credible tale of crime in a country house. One superb performance.

DINNER AT EIGHT. Music Box Theater. Trick melodrama about what happened to the various guests invited to a dinner party. The general public likes it very much better than I do.

FIREBIRD. Empire Theater. Beautiful production of a highly theatrical play from the Hungarian.

LUCRECE. Belasco Theater. To be reviewed later.

MADEMOISELLE. Playhouse. Alice Brady and Grace George make a sentimental comedy pleasant enough.

MUSIC IN THE AIR. Alvin Theater. Pleasant operetta with music by Jerome Kern and a book rather better than average.

SUCCESS STORY. Maxine Elliott Theater. What happened to a radical when he rose in business. The best drama of the season.

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN. Henry Miller Theater. Light comedy from the French completely rewritten by Sidney Howard and charmingly played by Pauline Lord and others. All things considered, it is much the most enjoyable comedy of the season.

Films

Hemingway in Hollywood

THERE is little in the past performance of Hollywood producers to encourage high hopes in a film reviewer when he is preparing to see a new Hollywood film. To be sure, a few films shown during this season, notably Lubitsch's "Trouble in Paradise," have made one think that the producers were awakening to the demands of the more intelligent section of the movie-going public and were sincerely anxious to raise their standards. But apparently the occasional good things that come out of Hollywood are matters of accident, and the old ideas of what makes a good film still rule, even when an attempt is made to hitch the stars to a vehicle of recognized artistic merit. It is this disappointing fact that is glaringly evident in "A Farewell to Arms" (Criterion), the latest bid for cinematic laurels, which in some usually discerning quarters has been hailed, unaccountably, as the greatest American picture ever made.

Though I too hoped to acclaim this new masterpiece, I am compelled to report that "A Farewell to Arms" not only falls short of being great in any sense of the word, but is actually merely another screen "romance," differing from its countless predecessors only in its more natural dialogue and better acting. Neither of these distinctions, however, is sufficiently strong to overcome the fundamental banality of the story as it is unfolded in this free adaptation of Hemingway's novel. A film is not to be judged by its success or failure in giving dramatic form to the literary story which is its source. It must be considered on its own merits. But in the case of "A Farewell to Arms," it may be illuminating to point out how Hemingway's simple and charming romance has been vulgarized by the injection of cheap melodramatic episodes gratuitously introduced with the apparent object of making the story more dramatic.

At the outset it must be admitted that the story as told in the novel does not lend itself to successful dramatization. Except for the final sad ending of the girl dying in childbirth and the war background, there are no emotional developments and no dramatic situations in the entire course of the blissful love that unites the two characters of the novel. One might have expected the producers to let well enough alone and choose something more suitable to their ends. But the desire to present a best seller must have been irresistible, and once the story was started on the course of screen adaptation, it inevitably came down to the level of the usual sloppy screen love.

If there is anything particularly striking in Hemingway's narrative, it is the remarkable restraint in the conduct of his characters as well as in his account of the various episodes. In the film there are tears and sad partings and prayers and painful complications, none of which exist in the novel. The heroine does not say goodby almost cheerfully, as she does in the book, but must come to the station by herself after the parting to watch her lover go away. She does not tell him that she is going to become a mother, but must go secretly to another country to bear her child. And all her letters to the man must be returned, so that she may collapse from shock. Nor do the two live in sin happily without much thought about proprieties. They must have a priest to throw a cloak of respectability over their union by a fervent prayer for their happiness. One could go on enumerating the "happy" touches introduced by the adaptors. But they are all of the same kind and their effect is invariably to strike a melodramatic note, to make the situation conform more nearly to the traditional screen conception of the tragic course of true love.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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